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We have nothing definite from Rome. The secrecy with which the deliberations are conducted baffles even the reporters, who are compelled to conceal their ignorance of what is transpiring within the walls of the Council. We learn, however, that there is some hesitancy on the part of the Pope about submitting his infallibility to the vote while France is so reluctant to acknowledge it. When the question is submitted, the members of the council are expected to say only "placet" or "non placet," as, of course, a debate would be simply absurd. A schedule communicated to the Council, affirms not only the infallibility of the Pope, but the "divine right" of all kings and princes, their royalty coming by the grace of God. In the same document, universal suffrage, as a political dogma, is repudiated, consequently the "fourth amendment" will scarcely be ratified.

Original and Selected Papers.

ISA DE VERE.

Isa De Vere in her garden stood,
A queenly woman and fair as good;
Brought up in the old conventional schools,
With iron precepts and rigid rules.

"There goes the widow's daughter," she said;
"A woman, earning her daily bread,
And moving out of her sphere, to be
An unsexed brawler for liberty."

Fair Isa wedded, and love, and gold,
And tender children made rich her fold,
But she sneered at the widow's daughter still,
For being a clerk in the cotton mill.

"'Twas a shame," she said, "for a woman to work;
'Twas a man's place, clearly, to be a clerk,
And a woman's part, like a tender vine
Round the husband's oak-like nature to twine."

Fair Isa wept in her robes of woe;
Her wealth was gone and her love laid low;
The strong arm failed, and the wolf of want
Came over the threshold with growl and taunt.

The petted children were pale for food,
The fire grew feeble for lack of wood;
To the widow's spirit came grim despair,
And bade her curse as she knelt in prayer.

But an angel entered in sweet disguise, —
'Twas the widow's daughter, with tearful eyes,
And her woman's heart and her woman's hand,
A noble pathway of duty planned.

She lifted the soul that was bruised and crushed,
The wail of the hungry children hushed,
And found a place in the cotton mill,
For the once proud Isa De Vere to fill.

You that have plenty, with love to spare,
And never knew trouble or want or care,
'Tis easy to frown at the toiler, and sneer
At the woman who dares to move out of her sphere.

But wait till your props fall away like the sand,
And there's nothing to help but your woman's right hand;
Your sneers will fade out, as the summons you heed,
And you'll work like a man for the bread that you need.

M. A. D.

WESLEY'S METHODISM.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON OF REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, OF
PARK STREET CHURCH.

It is very pleasant to record such a glowing and earnest tribute to the founder of Methodism by one not himself a Methodist, as that which we publish below. It is from a sermon preached January 23d, in the Park Street Church in this city, by its gifted pastor, and was sent to us by one who is not a member of the same denomination with Mr. Murray, nor is he a member of our own.

Mr. Murray was speaking of "the Church as a converting agency," and the better organization of the lay element in it. After describing the "Dark Ages," and their effect upon the Church, he said, —

"From the Stygian wail of that all-engulfing sea, in which all art, all knowledge, all virtue, sank and was lost to man, Rome emerged, stronger, more cruel, more tyrannous than ever.

"Beneath and around the feet of her Pontiff, every spiritual function of the Church, every activity, lay chained, slaves to her will. No hymn, no prayer, no exhortation was heard, save such as were chanted by the order of her priests.

"Then Luther, raised and inspired of God, arose. The Reformation came, and partial liberty was the result. I say, partial liberty. Freedom from Rome, but not freedom to work. Freedom for the ministry, but not freedom for the laymen. They were still held in a thralldom, beside which the tyranny of man is as nothing; the thralldom of custom; the slavery of precedent. As it is with woman now, the lay element of the Christian Church had been educated into silence. Centuries of custom had intimidated them. The gag of a false timidity choked them. A priest had rebelled against Rome, and given liberty to the pulpits; but no layman was found to rebel against the pulpit, and give liberty to the pews. The Reformation was thus radically incomplete. Only one part of the Church was emancipated, and restored to the primitive liberty. The Reformation left the Church a great way below the position in which Paul left it.

"Then came Wesley, a greater than Luther, as I have said and thought. It was not, it is true, the Pope he opposed. But he did oppose and make war upon the same spirit of assumption, of power in the ministry, the same exclusiveness, that made the papacy a curse to man, and a hindrance to the Church. When Methodism arose, the Pauline churches were reproduced in history. Every man's mouth was opened, the membership found their voice, and praise, and prayer, and exhortation sounded once more in the assembly of the saints. The Pauline liberty was practiced, and the Phibes and Dorcas were permitted to have an ecclesiastical existence and mention. My friends, I feel like pausing here, to make your acknowledgments and

mine to John Wesley, and those collaborators of his, whose piety and sanctified resolution gave to the membership of the churches what the Reformation of Luther gave to the ministry, — liberty to speak and work, as the spirit of God moved them.

"This is the age of lay effort, the day of spiritual liberty. As we stand bathed in the light of it, let us recall the early dawn. Let us remember the obloquy those men endured, by whose prayers and labors the liberty and light came. Let no one call them Methodists. Methodism cannot claim them. The Lutheran Church might as well endeavor to monopolize Luther. They were God's gifts to the race. They belong to the Church Universal. They belong to mankind. Place their busts in what niche you please; carve on the tablet what record you may, I bring my leaf of laurel, my sprig of bay, and the suffrage of the world says, these men belong not to any denomination; they belong to the whole Church of God. His laurel and His bay must be woven in their wreath.

"You can trace the great success of Methodism to the fact, that it has duplicated the Pauline energy in the organization of its churches. It has had but one motto, the utilization of all spiritual forces. If a man could pray, or sing, or exhort, he was allowed to do it. If a saint chanced to be of the female gender, it did not consign her to the limbo of nonentities, and gag her mouth with a perverted and misapplied text of Scripture. It gave her full permission to serve the Master, as He, by nature and grace, had qualified her. It has found a place for every man, and a man for every place. That is the whole philosophy of the success of Methodism. It has been courageous. It has not been afraid of change, of innovation. It has not been afraid of new methods. It has not been ashamed of its poverty, nor of the ignorance of its itinerant preachers, which has been so much emphasized by ministerial purists.

"The reason why I so often refer with gratitude to the Methodist Church is because it has done so much to bring out and set to work the lay element.

"It has reproduced the Apostolic economy of moral forces. It has reaffirmed the right of woman to a religious character, and to all those exercises of mind and soul which made such a character possible, and made the prediction safe, that she who gave unto Christ whatever of human nature He had, bringing Him forth as a son, without a father, will be the foremost to advance His blessed cause, and the first to welcome Him at His second coming in power. This is why I honor it. May that Lord who raised it up and entered it as a wedge, under the iron-like band of prejudice and ecclesiastical tyranny, preserve it from that pride and timidity which would blunt its edge and destroy its coherence, and drive it well home to the cleaving of whatever puts a pressure upon the functions of the Church, and the liberty of the soul in its longings for God, and its labors for man."

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

A merry Christmas to all our readers and countrymen at large from whom we are, on this joyous day, so widely separated! We are not thus seeking to forestall your good will, to the end that we may receive some gift from you, but simply your indulgence, that you may grant us reasonable attention, though we may seem, and be presuming, in writing you from and about Rome, of which you are ever hearing and reading. A Christmas in this city, spent by an American novice, is our excuse and plea. To-day has been in Rome a thrice merry day. Early in the morning the church bells pealed forth right merrily in welcoming the joyous day, while in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, there was at 3 A. M. a procession bearing the sacred crulla, or portions of the Saviour's manger. The bells continue to ring most merrily, and the cannon of St. Angelo's Castle boom quite as merrily. The churches, in many cases generally shut, are opened and decked most gorgeously, and all is mirth and gladness among the clergy and laity. The great attraction of the forenoon is at St. Peter's. So desiring to see a Roman Christmas, we find ourselves drawn out in that direction. On our way we meet very many in sympathy of feeling and desire with us, and urging their way on to St. Peter's; but these seem as a small stream, compared with the mighty flowing tide on the opening day of the Council. Strangers, and not Romans, flock to St. Peter's on Christmas. Some of the latter are, no doubt, to-day, drawn there by the promise of more imposing ceremonies, if possible, than usual, for the sake, and by means of the Council. Multitudes in all congregate in the Vatican Basilica, but not to compare with those found there on the 8th. While expectant of the coming of the Pope, we wander, as we have done several times before, through St. Peter's. The more we wander, the more we admire; the more we behold and gaze upon it, the more we wonder. Indeed, were not its grandeur to grow upon us, we would have misgivings with regard to our nature, that there was a want in it of appreciation of the grand. The ambition and aim of successive Popes to make it the grandest of Christian temples have certainly been realized. Even the author of the "Decline and Fall" admits more than this; for he has styled it "the most glorious structure that ever has been applied to the use of religion." Awe and wonder must fill the soul of every one who frequents it, and is not incapable of such feelings under such a weight

of grandeur. As a work of man, even in his fallen state, it is to our mind a strong evidence of the immortality of his soul. At 10 A. M. the Pope enters from the vestry. As he enters the lofty nave, it and the entire church are filled with the exquisite music of the choir, who are immediately before us. We must confess we never anywhere heard such music. It is the very perfection of art. The Pope is led back towards the front door, where he is seated in his rich papal chair. The procession of cardinals forms before him. As they all advance towards the high altar; we are enraptured with strange, sweet music, and looking whitherward it comes, we see a band over the great front door, in the recess above, who are making St. Peter's resonant with the strange music of their horns or trumpets. The procession advances and passes us. The Pope is carried forward in his rich chair of crimson velvet and gold, by twelve men, dressed altogether in scarlet. A rich canopy is over him, borne by eight men, and on either side is carried a large fan of long white feathers, tipped with black, and fixed in a semi-circle of scarlet velvet embroidered with gold, to which is attached a very long handle. As the Pope passes, all, soldiers on duty and all, fall on their knees, and His Holiness graciously smiles upon them, and, raising his right hand, gently waves it, and, glancing right and left, he grants them all his apostolic benediction. He is slowly borne to one side of the high altar, when he engages in the imposing and lengthy ceremonies of the occasion, sometimes at the high altar, and sometimes in his accustomed chair, just in front of the splendid one of St. Peter in the tribune. Thus they continue, the choir chanting in wondrous sweetness and melody, and the Pope responding in a clear, full, and strong voice, — remarkably so for so aged a person; till, suddenly and very unexpectedly, at least to us, at 12 o'clock or thereabouts, all fall on their knees. Then, as a climax to the entire ceremony, the thrice wonderful melody of the silver trumpets, representing the angels' chorus at Christ's nativity, falls upon our ears, and we are drowned in the sea of ecstasy. Recovering somewhat, we wonder how such an effect can be produced, and looking up, though nothing can be seen, we find that it comes from that "unrivalled dome" directly over us. What sights and sounds! That majestic and sublime dome above us, fit emblem of the arch of heaven; the invisible trumpeters filling it with the most exquisite music, which comes reverberating from the dome to us, and thus, if possible, its beauty heightened; and all the people around us adoring, the soldiers, too, with their right hands raised to their hats till the music ceases. Then, all rise to their feet, and the Pope and choir continue to alternately perform their part; and thus, at length, is high mass finished. The procession returns to the vestry, all the people kneeling, as the Pope again passes, and he in turn granting them his benediction. He is evidently very aged though fresh-looking. I am much struck with his countenance, not only possessing intelligent and fine features, but characterized by a kindness and benignity, which I have scarcely expected to see. Of his heart I know not. Many, I am aware, who ought to know, say that it has very different qualities from those I mention. This I do not deny, nor desire to do so, nor to affirm. That he is the tool of an unprincipled secretary, is admitted. That he is a willing tool, many well-informed ones have most decidedly affirmed. All that is wrong or mean in his rule I most positively hate and deprecate; but, like Christ, I desire and strive not to hate the man; and, for this reason have let charity, and not hatred and prejudice, guide the words I have penned in his favor, so much as I have done. Let the worst have their due, and seek the good in them, and set it forth, rather than parade their faults and sins. Such was our Christmas forenoon in St. Peter's; if I dare think I have at all described it. In the afternoon we visited some other churches, in which there is some special attraction on the day. We go to the Santa Maria di Ara Celi, situated on the Capitoline Hill, and approached by over a hundred steps. It is an old, fine, and interesting church. Here we see a regular Roman festival. At St. Peter's we saw mostly foreigners and strangers; here we see the native Roman, both townsman and peasant. There are great multitudes of both. As we ascend the steps, we find books, all sorts of trinkets, and especially little dolls, spread out in great profusion, and venturing even up to the church door. Many of the dolls are bought by peasant and townsman. We enter the church, and what a scene is presented to us! On the left is a representation of Christ's nativity, with Joseph, Mary, the child, and some shepherds, all in wax. Near them lies the beast of burden. In the background are peasants in the fields, and a distant village. Above, are God the Father, and angels in the clouds of glory in scenic representation. All is beautifully lit up, and looks quite natural. This is one of the great attractions in the church. Many gather around, and press their way up to it, and, what is most important, drop their pennies into a large Britannia plate for the Madonna and Child. But let us go over to the opposite side, on the right hand of the door, for there seems to be even a greater attraction. We find that there are some children, I was about to say, infant-preachers. They are mostly small girls, who are reciting short pieces, probably of poetry, and with considerable gesticulation and bowing, much in the usual Italian style. Some of them do quite nobly. Here is a considerably larger crowd than on the opposite side of the church, and they seem both deeply interested and highly delighted

with the performances of the young speakers. This whole scene, we admit, is perfectly novel to us in Italy, and entirely unexpected, too; young and little girls thus speaking in a church in Rome! Well done! Will woman's rights prevail also in the Pope's city? Thoughtful and pleased we leave this assembly, and proceed to the Santa Maria Maggiore, one of the very finest basilicas in Rome. Here we behold a very different scene. There are crowds of carriages about the doors and of people in the church. The sacred culla, or a part of Christ's original manger, some few boards of it, in a splendidly rich and costly casket of silver and crystal, is placed over the magnificent altar! It is surrounded by many burning wax candles. The choir, in the rear, are discoursing the finest and sweetest music, next to that of St. Peter's. The crowds are gazing and listening; and well they may. But, above all, the entire church is most brilliantly illuminated with wax candles, in chandeliers and candlesticks, almost without number. As we stand near the door, and our enraptured eyes gaze upon it all, and our eager ears drink in the sweet melody, it is the finest sight, the most beautiful and lovely of its kind, we have ever seen, — altogether an indescribable whole. We then visit the basilica of St. John in the Lateran, historically the most interesting, probably, of all Rome's interesting churches; for within its walls were held five general councils of the Church. It contains the heads of St. Peter and Paul, and the original table of the former, in the high altar, and on which the Pope alone, or a cardinal authorized by a special brief from him, can celebrate high mass. It has been much injured in its internal architecture, beauty, and symmetry by restoration, yet is still a fine church, and imposing, and has one of the very richest and most magnificent, yet equally beautiful, private chapels in Rome; being equaled by only the Borghese Chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore, among all the private chapels in this city, filled with fine and rich churches. Leaving this interesting basilica, we go a short distance, to see the famous "Scala Santa," or Sacred Stairway, said to be of Pilate's house, and the very one which the Saviour ascended in going to his judgment-seat. None but penitents are allowed to ascend it, and they only on their knees. This has been the case for centuries. So many have ascended it during these ages, that thick boards have been placed upon it to protect it, and these boards have been so worn, as to make it necessary to renew them two or three times. We see two or three dozen ascending it thus, climbing up on their knees, during the few moments we are present. What are our feelings and meditations! With them comes our first Christmas in Rome. They lead to this conclusion; that if, regardless of corruption, Christianity be simply a religion of forms and ceremonies, of grand temples and brilliant illuminations, of rich robes and exquisite music, and all that attracts the natural eye and ear, then does the Church of Rome deserve, above all others, the meed of praise. But the Bible, opened and read, teaches even the poorest and humblest another doctrine; that Christianity is a personal religion, and of the heart believing on Christ alone for salvation. ASBURY.

CHRISTIAN PURITY.

The nature of Christian purity is often mistaken. Sanctity does not depend upon externals, nor does it display itself in the sorrowfulness of our looks, or in the singularity of our dress. To be holy is not to be wrapt in unearthly contemplation, to retire into solitude and leave the active duties and trying anxieties of life to others, as did the anchorites of the desert. It is not to interlard our common conversation with religious phrases and passages of Scripture, and to be constantly adverting to the feelings and actings of the soul as did the Roundheads of Cromwell's time, or the pietists of more modern days. It is not to invest the family circle to which we belong with the solemnities of a funeral, and to cast upon every one about us the dark, forbidding frown of a rebuking censorship.

No, the essence of true holiness consists in conformity to the nature and will of God, in our being like our Father in Heaven.

There is a moral omnipotence in true holiness, an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, that no sophistry can elude and no conscience can ward off.

The seen but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and of duty than the tongues of men and angels. The most thrilling and vigorous appeals from the pulpit may be evaded, the most alarming providences of God forgotten, and the most melting exhibitions of the love of Jesus, may apparently fail to convince and move the soul, but the beauty of holiness, beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, has a might which nothing can withstand. It is the gospel glowing in the hearts, beaming from the eyes, breathing from the lips, and speaking in the lives of believers, that is mighty through God to convince the sinner and persuade him to come to Christ.

If the Church of God were but clad in this immortal panoply, the world would soon be subjected to the sway of Him whose right it is to reign. B. J. J.

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ORATORS. — The annexed letter from Wendell Phillips contains some valuable advice to young men and especially to ministers, about public speaking. None so need to learn how to talk to an audience.

April, 68.

DEAR SIR: Your note came while I was out West. I hasten to reply now I am at home. I think practice with all kinds of audiences the best teacher you can have. Think out your subjects carefully, read all you can relative to them, fill your mind, and then talk simply and naturally to an audience. Forget altogether that you are going to make a speech, or that you are making one. Absorb yourself into the idea that you are to strike a blow, carry out a purpose, effect an object, impress an idea, recommend a plan; then having forgotten yourself, you will be likely to do your best for your purpose. Study the class of books your mind likes; when you go outside of this rule, study those which give you facts on your chosen subjects, and those which you find most suggestive. Remember to talk up to your audience, not down to it; the commonest audience can relish the best thing you can say, if you know how to say it properly. Your discipline heretofore (as a journalist), and if you continue it, is better than any college, especially at your age.

Be simple, be in earnest, and you will not fail to reach the masses, especially if your heart is large enough and sympathetic enough to receive all truths and all struggles. I think your plan of a liberal church is excellent. Fit yourself for it by taking part in all movements that interest the masses, and you'll succeed. God speed you.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

At Lamarque's funeral the crowd took out General Lafayette's horses as he was returning home, and drew him to his hotel. "You must have been very pleased," remarked a friend some time afterwards. "Very much pleased indeed," replied Lafayette: "but I never saw anything more of my horses."

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

In these days of filthy dreamers on free love, the following beautiful poem of Tenneyson's, just published, the last and best in his "Holy Grail," comes like a morning in June, full of beauty and health. It is of the Enoch Arden type, save that in this there is no questionable action to mar the scene: —

[This poem is founded upon a story in Boccaccio. A young lover, Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavors to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel of it. He speaks of being haunted in delirium by visions and the sound of bells, sometimes tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the event, and a witness to it completes the tale.]

He flung the event: he leaves the event to me:
Poor Julian — how he rushed away: the bells,
Those marriage-bells, echoing in ear and heart —
But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,
As who should say "continue." Well, he had
One golden hour — of triumph shall I say?
Solace at least — before he left his home.

Would you had seen him in that hour of his:
He moved through all of it majestically —
Restrained himself quite to the close — but now —

Whether they were his lady's marriage-bells,
Or prophetic of them in his fantasy,
I never asked; but Lionel and the girl
Were wedded, and our Julian came again
Back to his mother's home among the pines.
But there, their gloom, the Mountains and the Bay,
The whole land weighed him down, as Etna does.
The Giant of Mythology: he would go,
Would leave the land forever, and had gone
Surely, but for a whisper "do not yet."
Some warning, and divinely as it seem'd,
By that which follow'd — but of this I deem
As of the visions that he told — the event
Glanced back upon them in his after life,
And partly made them — tho' he knew it not.

And thus he stay'd and would not look at her —
No, not for months: but, when the eleventh moon
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,
Would you could toll me out of life, but found —
All softly as his mother broke it to him —
A crueler reason than a crazy ear
For that low knell tolling his lady dead —
Dead — and had lain three days without a pulse:
All that looked on her had pronounced her dead.
And so they bore her (for in Julian's land
They never nail a dumb head up in elm),
Bore her free-faced to the free airs of heaven,
And laid her in the vault of her own kin.

What did he then? not die: he is here and hale —
Not plunge headforemost from the mountain there
And leave the name of Lover's Leap: not he:
He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
Thought that he knew it. This, I stayed for this
O love, I have not seen you for so long.
Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
I will be all alone with all I love,
And kiss her on the lips. She is no more:
The dead returns to me, and I go down
To kiss the dead.

The fancy stirred him so
He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
And, making there a sudden light, beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash, and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he saw
His lady with the moonlight on her face;
Her breast as in a shadow-prison, bare
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from an open grating overhead.
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.

"It was my wish," he said, "to pass, to sleep
To rest, to be with her — till the next day
Fell'd on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand." And kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine;
Not such as mine, no, nor for such as her —
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kiss'd her more than once, till hapless death
And silence made him beld — nay, but I wrong him,
He reverenced his dear lady even in death;
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
"O, you warm heart," he meant, "not even death
Can chill you all at once:" then starting, thought
His dreams had come again. "De I wake or sleep?
Or am I made immortal, or my love
Mortal once more?" It beat — the heart — it beat:
Faint — but it beat: at which his own began
To pulse with such a vehemence that it drown'd
The feeble motion underneath his hand.
But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And, wrapping her all over with the cloak

He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden banner in his arms,
So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she was born.

There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life: she raised an eye that ask'd
"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer: then she spoke,
"Here," and how came I here?" and learning it
(They told her somewhat rashly as I think),
At once began to wander and to wall,
"Ay, but you know that you must give me back:
Send! bid him come!" but Lionel was away.
Stung by his loss had vanish'd, none knew where.
"He casts me out," she wail'd, "and goes!" — a wail
That seeming something, yet was nothing, born
Not from believing mind, but shattered nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproach
At some precipitance in her burial.
Then, when her own true spirit had return'd,
"O yes, and you," she said, "and none but you.
For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,
And you shall give me back when he returns."
Stay then a little," answered Julian, "here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to yourself;
And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour; but send me notice of him
When he returns, and then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love." And faintly she replied,
"And I will do your will, and none shall know."

Not know? with such a secret to be known:
But all their hopes were old and loved them both;
And all the house had known the loves of both;
Had died almost to serve them any way,
And all the land was waste and solitary;
And then he rode away; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travail came
Upon her, and that day a boy was born,
Heir of his face and land to liest.

And thus our lonely lover rode away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him: myself was then
Travelling that land, and meant to rest an hour:
And sitting down to such a bare repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it —
I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd
The moulder'd stairs (for everything was vile),
And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
Having of dead men's dust and beating hearts.

A dismal hostel in a dismal land,
A flat malarian weed of reed and rush:
But there from fever and my cure of him
Sprang up a friendship that may help as yet.
For while we roam'd along the dreary coast,
And waited for her message, piece by piece,
I learnt the drearier story of his life;
And, tho' he loved and honor'd Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady made
Drearl in his fancy: did he know her worth,
Her beauty even? should he be taught,
Er'n by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard?

Suddenly came her notice and we part,
I with our lover to his native Bay.

This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul:
That makes the sequel pure; tho' some of us
Begin at the sequel know no more.
Not such am I: and yet I say, the bird
That will not hear my call, however sweet,
But if my neighbor whistle answers him —
What matter! there are others in his creed.
Yet when I saw her (and I thought him ceased,
Tho' not with such a craziness as needs
A cell and keeper), those dark eyes of hers —
O! such dark eyes! and not her eyes alone,
But all from them there where she touched on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's seem'd —
No less than one divine apology.

So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young bare in her arms!
Kiss him," she said, "you gave me life again.
He, but for you, had never seen it once.
His other father you! Kiss him, and then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian too."

Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! his own
Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden, vivid pleasure hit him there.

But he was all the more resolved to go,
And went at once to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they both had borne the dead,
To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land forevermore;
And then to friends — they were not many — who lived
Scattering about that lonely land of his,
And bade them to a banquet of farewells.

And Julian made a solemn feast: I never
Sat at a costlier; for all round his hall
From column on to column, as in a wood,
Not such as here — an equatorial one,
Great garlands swung and blossom'd; and beneath,
Heirlooms and ancient miracles of Art,
Chalice and silver, wines that Heaven knows when,
Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten sun
And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,
Yet glowing in a heart of ruby — cups
Where nymph and god ran ever round in gold —
Others of glass as costly — some with gems
Movable and resettable at will,
And trembling all the rest in value — Ah heavens!
Why need I tell you all? — suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in it rare or fair
Was brought before the guests: and they, the guests,
Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's eyes
(I told you that he had his golden hour),
And such a feast, ill-suited as it seem'd
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his,
And that revolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger e'n than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.

And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great fire-red curtains, looping down,
Parted a little where they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame.
And just above the parting was a lamp:
So the sweet figure, folded round with light,
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.

Well then — our solemn feast — we ate and drank,
And might — the wine being of such nobleness —
Have jested also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it all:
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Scarce touched the meats; but ever and anon
A priceless goblet with a priceless wine
Arisl, abow'd he drank beyond his use;
And when the feast was near an end, he said:

"There is a custom in the Orient, friends —
I read of it in Persia — when a man
Will honor those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be
This custom —"

Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands
And cries about the banquet—"beautiful!"
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?"

The lover answer'd, "There is more than one
Here sitting who desires it. Lead me not
Before my time, but hear me to the close.
This custom steps yet further when the guest
Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.
For after he has shown him gems or gold,
He brings and sets before him in rich guise
That which is thrice as beautiful as these,
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—
"O my heart's lord, would I could show you," he says,
"Even my heart too." And I propose to-night
To show you what is dearest to my heart,
And my heart too.

"But solve me first a doubt.
I knew a man, not many years ago;
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside.
His falling sick, and seeming close on death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But bade his menials bear him from the door,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and nursed him life.
I ask you now, should this first master claim
His service? whom does it belong to? him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?"

This question, so flung down before the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at length,
When some were doubtful how the saw would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.

Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase.
And he began languidly—his low
Weight'd on him yet—but warming as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,
By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the other—adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi-smile,
As at a strong conclusion—"Body and soul,
And life and limbs, all his to work his will."

Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down before them all,
And crossing her own picture as she came,
And looking as much lovelier as herself
Is lovelier than all others—on her head
A diamond tiara, and from under this
A veil, that melted in more than a gleam of air,
Flying by each fine ear, as Eastern gossamer
With seeds of gold—so, with that grace of hers,
Slow-moving as a wave against the wind,
That flings a mist behind it in the sun—
And bearing high in armor the mighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was crown'd
With roses, none so rosy as himself—
And over all her babe and her the jewels
Of many generations of his house
Sparkled and flashed, for he had decked them out
As for a solemn sacrifice of love and awe.
So she came in:—I am long in telling it.
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together—floated in—
While all the guests in mute amazement rose,
And slowly peering to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and stood, her breast
Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.
But him she carried, him her lights nor feet
Dared or dared, nor eyes of men; who cared
Only to see his own, and staring wide
And hungering for the gift and jeweled world
About him, looked, as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.

"My guests," said Julian: "you are honor'd now
Ev'n to the uttermost: in her behold
Of all my treasures the most beautiful;
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me."
Then waving us a sign to seat ourselves,
Led his dear lady to a chair of state.
And I, by Lionel sitting, saw his eyes
Fire and dead ashes and all fire again.
Thrice in a second, felt him tremble too,
And heard him muttering, "So like, so like!"
She never had a sister. I knew none,
Some cousin of his and hers—O like, so like!"
And then he suddenly asked her if she were
She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.
And then some other question'd if she came
From foreign lands, and still she did not speak.
Another, if the boy were hers: but she
To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, "Her spectre!" But his friend
Replied in half a whisper, "Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to.
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove as I almost dread to find her, dumb!"

But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all;
She is but dumb, because in her you see
That faithful servant whom we speak about,
Obedient to her second master now;
Which will not last. I have her here to-night a guest
So bound to me by common love and law—
What! shall I bind him more? in his behalf,
I shall exceed the Persian, giving him
That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not only showing? and he himself pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give.

"Now all be dumb, and promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart."
And then began the story of his love
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—
Fast thro' his visions to the burial: thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall;
And then rose up, and with him all his guests
Once more as by enchantment; all but he,
Lionel, who faint had risen, but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—then he said:—
"Take my free gift, my dearest, for your wife;
And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet cast her not away so suddenly.
Lest there be some left here to bring her back:
I leave this land forever." Here he ceased.

Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel.
And there the widower husband and dead wife
Rushed at each other with a cry, that rather seem'd
For some new death than for a life renew'd;
At this the very babe began to wail;
At once they turned, and caught and brought him in
To their charmed circle, and, half killing him
With kisses, round him closed and clasp'd again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this
So frightened our good friend, that turning to me
And saying, "It is over: let us go."

There were our horses ready at the doors—
We bade them go farewell, but mounting these
He past forever from his native land;
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

For the Children.

LITTLE MOMENTS.

Little moments how they fly,
Golden-winged, flitting by,
Bearing many things for me
Into vast eternity!
Never do they wait to ask,
If completed is my task,
Whether gath'ring grain or weeds,
Doing good or evil deeds;
Onward haste they evermore,
Adding all unto their store!

And the little moments keep
Record if we wake or sleep,
Of our every thought and deed,
For us all some time to read.

Artists are the moments too,
Ever painting something new,
On the walls and in the air,
Painting pictures everywhere!

If we smile or if we frown,
Little moments put it down,
And the angel, memory,
Guards the whole eternally!

Let us then so careful be,
That they bear for you and me,
On their little noiseless wings
Only good and pleasant things;
And that pictures which they paint
Have no background of complaint,
So the angel, Memory,
May not blush for you and me!

DEACON SMITH.

BY PROF. I. F. HOLTON.

[Concluded.]

On the Sabbath the whole family rose at the usual hour.
The morning routine was the same as other days, except
that it was dispatched with less conversation, and perhaps
a trifle more of energy. At breakfast the fried pork re-
appeared, this time with warmed-up potatoes. "How
odd," said Almira, "that we have neither fish-hash nor
fried pudding. It scarce seems like Sunday."

"We never make hasty-pudding on Saturday night,"
replied Jerusha, "if we have company. But I cannot
remember when we have had no fish." Another season
of worship followed and then the house rapidly began to
take on the Sabbath look. The Deacon's Sunday short-
clothes and meeting coat were put on a chair with a "fine
shirt," but without a ruffle. But where was he? "Like
was sent out to the barn to tell him that he would be late.
He was not there. Next he was sent to the pasture from
which the horse should have been brought a good half hour
ago. The horse was there, but no Deacon. The family
were now alarmed. They looked into the well, the cellar,
and over the great beams. Nearer search proving vain,
the children all started together for the pasture, expecting
to find their father fallen in a fit, or killed from a kick of
the horse. The search took a sudden turn when one of
them missed the oxen. Another saw that the yoke was
missing. Instantly they all started for the turnpike field.
The bell had long since done tolling, and there the Deacon
was ploughing!

In fact, he had done a pretty morning's work. He had
been hindered a little. First the sharp Deacon and his
wife drove along the turnpike. He stopped till his good
brother had got to the end of his furrow and came to the
fence. Then occurred a conversation of which our plough-
man could make neither head nor tail. There was a
roughish twinkle in Dea. Heze's eye, and a twitching at the
corners of his mouth, indicative of a strong effort to sup-
press a smile, as they stood there with only the rail fence
between. But not a syllable could he catch till the con-
cluding words, which could have been heard even by Mrs.
Heze, who had driven on five rods. They were:—

"You understand me, do you?"

"Yes, yes!" was the mechanical answer.

O Dea. 'Like! What a whopper! But long years had
made him callous as to all artifices by which he could pretend
to hear what he did not. Still he felt uneasy all the time
he was reaching the other end of the field. On turning
round, as many as five "wagons" were in sight; some
had passed, others were passing. Two more, not yet in
sight, had passed before he reached the rail fence. The
occupants, men, women, and children, were not in every-
day attire nor with holiday faces. But he had a solution
for the problem. It must be the funeral of Mrs. Fair-
brother, who lay at death's door the last he had heard of
her. Widow Jones and her daughter, the last of the
passers-by, reined up to the fence.

"Why, Dea. 'Like," cries she, "don't you know it is
Sunday?"

"Yes, yes!" was the reply, "it was a blessed deliver-
ance for her."

"But why ain't you to meeting?" with a strong gesture
towards the distant spire.

"Why, the fact is," replied the Deacon, with an honest,
candid look, "I did not hear the hour of the funeral, and
forgot entirely the body was to be carried to Kirjath-
jearim; supposed of course the funeral would be set for
one o'clock, to begin punctually at two."

"But, Deacon, it is the holy Sabbath! Do not disgrace
yourself and the Church by working here in sight of every-
body that passes."

"Well, well! it is too late now; I may as well go on
ploughing."

And so till he was alarmed by seeing his children all
running to him. Then he heard.

"Sunday! why, no! No boiled codfish yesterday, no
hasty-pudding last night; fried pork this morning! why,
girls, you are mistaken!"

They convinced him, however. The plough was left in
mid-furrow, with its bright share buried in the soil. The
ox-yoke was hurled penitently into the grass at the
bars. The Deacon, never looking behind him, headed the
silent procession homeward.

There was no Sabbath-school that day. The sharp Dea-
con hurried Father Newberry into his wagon without a
word of explanation, till after starting towards Deacon
'Like's. "I am going to make the deaf Deacon own his
deafness," said the sharp one.

"You will be sharper than I now think you when you
do that," quoth the simple-minded old man.

They hitched their horse at the post by the horse-block,
and knocked at the front door. Deacon 'Like met them
at the door, razor in hand, one side of his face lathered,
and on the other an ugly cut, with a bit of paper stuck on it.
How he escaped cutting his throat was a mystery to him.

"We wish to see you alone," said his pastor, putting
his mouth to the Deacon's ear.

The door of the awful north room was opened, a door
that was opened about as often as that of the temple of
Janus was shut. It closed behind the three. One wooden
shutter slid into the wall, disclosing a window blinded with-
out by roses. Deacon Heze felt the corners of his mouth
twitch again, and he prudently kept in the shade.

"We have called to take the SECOND STEP OF DISCIP-
LINE with you," began he. "I told you your fault this
morning between you and me alone, and you turned a deaf
ear to me. I exhorted you to remember the Sabbath to
keep it holy, and you answered that there never was a bet-
ter day to plough in. When I told you that the matter
could not stop here, you said 'certainly; go ahead!'"

"I never heard a word you said," blurted out the deaf
Deacon, convulsively grasping the razor. "I thought by the
twinkle of your eye you was telling me of a horse-trade."

"But did you not hear me say, 'You understand me, do
you?' And did you not answer, 'Yes, yes?' Answer that."

"Yes, yes! God forgive me! I said all that, when I
had not heard a word."

"Now look here, Deacon Eliakim Smith! What ought
the Church do to me, if they had good evidence—good
evidence, mind you! that I had tried to pass off a blind
horse for sound?"

And Deacon 'Like's jaw fell, but no sound came from
him.

"And if a man try to pass off a DEAF DEACON" (he
thundered out the words) "for one hard of hearing only?"

"Brethren I have sinned! I repent! I confess! For-
give me."

How the Deacon completed his toilet we cannot say.
But he was in his place at the opening of the afternoon
meeting. After the second hymn he rose in his place
and said: "Brethren, I have a confession to make and
your forgiveness to ask. For a long time I have been
as deaf as an adder,—as deaf as a post,—as deaf as a
ferry-boat, and I have tried to hide it. I tried to deceive
you, I've tried to deceive my family, I've tried to deceive
my own wife, I tried to deceive myself. Hereafter take me
as I am, a deaf, humble, penitent old man."

Next Sabbath the deaf Deacon sat in one of the front
pews, with an ear trumpet of no moderate dimensions in his
hand. He protested that he would never turn a deaf ear
to the Gospel again. An immense burden had been taken
off him. Three wrinkles disappeared from his forehead.
And in after years he used to declare that, though the
ploughing of the wicked is sin, he did an uncommonly good
piece of work that Sabbath morning.

Young Eliakim Smith never got into the Deacon's seat.
He preached his first sermon in the pulpit over that empty
seat of which the two great gunners, the deaf Deacon and
the sharp Deacon, had been the last occupants.

Mrs. Fairbrother attended Deacon Eliakim Smith's fu-
neral a year or two afterwards.

ENIGMA NO. 4.

I am composed of 69 lines.

My 47, 8, 17, 20, 31, 6, 14, 21, 23, 66, hanged himself.

My 42, 40, 18, 59, 12, 32, was David's friend.

My 60, 7, 3, 24, 67, was a

My 49, 17, 29, 41, 32, 57, 62, and a stranger and exile.

My 68, 23, 45, 2, 13, 53, 16, 30, 19, is a name ascribed to
monarchs.

My 35, 9, 25, 43, 33, was the son of Mattathias.

My 35, 5, 22, 44, 60, 14, 59, 35, 10, 40, 69, oft refreshed
Paul.

My 27, 23, 34, was Lamech's son.

My 24, 15, 37, 6, 55, is a river east of Jordan.

My 4, 48, 26, 46, 2, 38, was an apostle.

My 52, 11, 61, 63, 63, was slain when his heart was merry
with wine.

My 64, 56, 65, 54, 50, 51, denotes astonishment.

My 1, 39, is an interjection.

My whole is found in Proverbs.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 3.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Correspondence.

THE CHINESE CONFERENCE.

BY BISHOP KINGSLEY.

MR. EDITOR: Having now got through with my visitation to the Chinese missions, and having got off to sea, on my way to India, and having also in some measure got over the terrible sea-sickness, appointed to me at the beginning of every new voyage, I propose to give your readers a little insight into the workings of Methodism in China. I rejoice to believe that we have in this great empire the broad and deep foundation for a glorious work in the future, a work already giving bright promise of a speedy triumph. The work was well begun in China, and the type of Methodism of the right kind. I have not heard so much real good old Methodist singing in a long time, as I heard at Foochow, both at the sessions of our annual gathering, and also from the scholars, in both the boys' and girls' schools. These glorious old hymns, with their glorious old tunes, were the last things to greet my ears at night, and the first in the morning. Associated as these hymns and tunes used to be, and as they still are in China, and as they ought to be everywhere, there is salvation in both. These schools were so near that I could not fail to hear the pupils sing night and morning, and often through the day, such hymns as these:—

"O how happy are they who their Saviour obey," etc.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

"Come, sinners to the gospel feast,"

"Come, thou fount of every blessing,"

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,"

"O for a thousand tongues to sing," etc., etc.

It reminded me of my first impression of Methodism, and my first experience of the joys of salvation; and of many blessed seasons since experienced at camp-meetings and revivals, when a spiritual man could tell, by the very spirit of the singing, that God was in the midst of His people.

There are now in the work called the Foochow Mission, including the helpers received on trial this year, as student helpers, a class of men answering to our exhorters of other years, more than 50 men, laboring to bring their fellow countrymen to Christ. These student helpers are all under a course of training, and pursuing a regular course of study, preparatory to entering more fully into the Christian ministry. And behind these there is a membership, including probationers, of more than 1,400. These all exhibit the fruits of the Spirit, in a manner most encouraging.

As a training process, Dr. Macay and his associates had already inaugurated the measure of doing business after the manner of an annual Conference, with the distinct understanding that measures so enacted, lacked the legal validity of Conference action. I think the measure, on the part of the missionaries, a judicious one. It has had the effect to familiarize the native brethren with our systematic method of doing business, and will prepare them for a real Conference, at no very distant date.

The solemnity, propriety, and wisdom of the body thus assembled could not but affect every one favorably. Missionaries from other boards were present, and were greatly interested in the doings of this embryo Conference. The interest felt in every brother's case, and the jealousy with which every point in the Discipline was guarded, was truly refreshing.

To give your readers a better inside view of the working of Chinese Methodism than any description of mine, I caused a translation to be made of a report of a committee, in the case of a brother who had left his work during the year. The following is the report:—

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE IN THE CASE OF LI CHAIM.

"On the 17th day of the 10th month, in the annual meeting, the Bishop appointed us to investigate the charge against the preacher, Li Cha Mi, that, having been appointed last year to the prefectural city of You ping, he stopped when he had travelled but half the road. The committee of three men have come to this conclusion: According to the ascertained facts in the case, we report to the Bishop that Li Cha Mi certainly knew that he was transgressing the rule about appointments, and sinning against God. On this account, he was grieved with a grief that could not cease. Now he has repented, and asked the committee to make known his confession of sin, and ask the annual meeting to forgive him. He is determined hereafter to faithfully observe every rule of the Church, and with a faithful heart to bear the cross until death, not thinking of anything else; and asks the annual meeting to pray for him. We three men of the committee, carefully examining, feel that the case is like that of Mark's repentance and reformation; therefore we intercede for him with the Church, asking that you will exercise the heart of Barnabas to forgive him; and we hope that he will imitate Mark in not forgetting Barnabas's recommendation of him, and will even become useful to Paul. Amen.

"In the year of the incarnation of Jesus, 1869, the committee, Sia Sek Ong, Li Yu Mi, Hu Yong Mi, thus report."

The report was unanimously adopted, and it is a remarkable fact, that while there was often a lively debate, and all the variety of opinions expressed that are usually heard in our Conferences at home, yet when the vote came to be taken, with but a single exception during the whole business, and that embracing but a single person, the voting was unanimous. There was an excellent spirit of brotherly love pervading the entire body. Some old Conferences that I know of, might do well to witness this harmony of feeling and action.

As a curiosity I send you also the original report.

As a further means of giving your readers an inside view of China Methodism, I send you a translation of the closing prayer of Bro. Sia Sek Ong, at the final adjournment of our session.

CLOSING PRAYER OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FOOCHOW MISSION, NOV. 22D, 1869, BY SIA SEK ONG.

"We give great thanks to Thee, O God, our Heavenly Father, the everlasting Jehovah, that we, the lowest and most sinful of men, have seen these days, and been allowed to share in this business, with the Bishop, the missionaries, and the brethren, at this annual meeting. For what our ears have heard, for what our eyes have seen, for what our mouths have spoken, we are indebted to the free grace of God. Great grace has been given us. We give great thanks to Thee, O God, that the Holy Spirit has come down upon us, has come into our hearts, increasing our wisdom, profiting us, warming our hearts, and greatly establishing our faith. Now we ask that the Holy Spirit may go with us to our work. The Bishop has read the appointments for Peking, for Kiu Kiang, and for Foochow, sending forth many men to preach the word. Lord, pity us. The Bishop leaves us, and we go east, west, south and north, to all our circuits and preaching places. Help us day and night to pray. Write upon our hearts as rules for our guidance, the books we have here read, the business we have here discussed, the instructions we have here heard. Don't let them be lost from our hearts, as though they were burnt up in the fire, but let them stay with us. Help us not to be lazy. Help us, before or behind men, to follow our consciences. Help us not to aspire to be good looking, to make a nice appearance; but to be true, to be faithful, to watch the sheep in every place. In all places, may we have the peace of God, and be helped to benefit and save the people. If, during the year, we meet trouble, persecution, temptation, help us to conquer. If one or two of us must leave the world before we meet again—we don't know—God knows—help us to bear the cross even unto death, that we may glorify God in all our lives. May God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, be with us, giving us peace and joy, and full determination to bear the cross to the end. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abide with us. Thus our hearts desire."

This Brother Sia Sek Ong is a scholarly man, and one of the sweetest spirited men I ever became acquainted with. He moves in an atmosphere of holy love.

C. KINGSLEY.

Our Book Table.

PATER MUNDI. Modern Science Testifying to the Heavenly Father, by Rev. E. F. Burr, D. D. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. Dr. Burr is the country pastor who wrote "Ecce Colam," the finest burst of rhetoric, learning, logic, and piety that this year, if not many a year, has witnessed. Its few pages are like Bonner's Dexter on a mile heat—a perfect race from goal to goal. No equal unfolding of the heavens is found in English type; Chalmers being second in learning, and not first in grandeur. "Pater Mundi" is like Bonner's Dexter in Central Park; its rhetoric sometimes almost runs away with its logic. It errs originally in its title. "Father is a Divine term, that is set forth in conjunction with 'Son.' It is Father to Son, and Son to Father. 'Pater Mundi' is not so good as 'Deus Mundi.' It, however, puts the argument for a wise and loving God in the universe with freshness and power. Its illustrations are novel and learned; its language swift and strong. It copies entire one chapter from 'Ecce Colam'; a thing proper enough to do in delivering the course, more questionable in publishing it. Every lover of good books will prize this volume, its predecessor, and successor.

RELIGIOUS.

BRECHER'S SERMONS. Second Series. J. B. Ford & Co. This large volume is full of the strong meat and sweet milk of the Word. It has exceptional passages, but its general tone is large and true. Mr. Beecher has less of the fancy of his early day, and more devoutness and orthodoxy. His sermons are always readable.

MISREAD PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE, by J. Baldwin Brown. Carlton & Lanahan. Pp. 129. A series of eight short sermons on misinterpreted texts. Among them, are "Render to Caesar," "I will give unto this Last," "No place for Repentance," "I will eat no more meat." Its assertions are not always certainties. He says Paul actually ate meat to his dying day. How does he know that? It is a novel topic, well treated. The misreadings are only diverse interpretations. He generally gives acceptable reasons for his versions, and his thoughts are always edifying.

POETRY.

THE HOLY GRAIL, AND OTHER POEMS, by Alfred Tennyson. Fields, Osgood, & Co. It is sad to play Gil Bias to any archbishop; much more to such an archbishop as Tennyson. Yet one cannot read the "Holy Grail" with that sense of greatness with which the "Idylls" were read. They have few quotable lines, and only one of these gems of gems in bits of songs, which shone so lustrous in their counterpart. Yet they are smoothly and strongly told, and, by another than Tennyson, we might almost say, grandly. It is he that is falling from himself; not falling yet to the side of others. The "Holy Grail" is the cup in which Christ drank the wine, and which afterwards contained a drop of His blood, which cup and drop were hidden, and only he that was pure could ever find. Around this legend are other stories of Arthur's time. These are some lines of sweetness and strength, e. g.:—

"Then with a slow smile turned the lady round,
And look'd upon her people; and as when
A stone is flung into some sleeping tarn,
The circle widens till it lap the marge,
Spread the slow smile through all her company."

And this:—

"For large her violet eyes look'd, and her bloom
[A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens,"

Yet here we find no such magnificent bursts as in the "Passing of Arthur," published years ago. How great this description of an Arctic hour:—

"The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night with reveries of a northern sea."

And this, in the same poem, is ahead, by far, of all the "Holy Grail":—

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me, night and day;
For what are men better than sheep and goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brand,
If knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every day
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The other poems in this volume show no abatement of power. "The Northern Farmer" is an admirable picture of the man of business without heart. "Lucretius" is a masterly poem against Materialism, as by a materialist. The "Victim" is a painfully happy tragedy of a king's love and duty. "The Golden Supper" we print elsewhere—a charming tale of love, that, in this morbid day, will lift every true soul into an ampler ether.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF TENNYSON, with Illustrations. Harper Bros. Fields & Osgood give Tennyson in almost all forms, and at almost all prices. Yet this new issue puts him in another shape. It is finely printed, prettily pictured, and very cheap.

REVIEWS.

The Biblical Repository and Princeton Review discusses the "History and Literature of Civil Service" with fullness. It goes into the ancient corruptions of office-seeking and office-holding, and shows how incurable they were. Are they not as much so to-day? "The Early Regeneration of Sunday-school Children" shows the Presbyterian Church "is moving up to the Methodist idea of treating children as regenerate, until they clearly and evidently backslide." It has this word on a question raised lately in our columns: "Regeneration is an instantaneous and finished product, when it is effected, and it is ordinarily wrought in view of the subsequent sanctification of the individual." This is a new formula. "Argyle's Reign of Law" is ably elucidated; "Samuel Miller's Life" sketched; "Addison Alexander's Biography" served up; and the "Presbyterian Church" discussed. The Bibliotheca Sacra opens with an able essay on "The Incarnation," by Prof. Reubell, of Indiana University. The Professor gives a synopsis of the history of the doctrine, condemns many modes of stating it, and gives his own, which is such as, in some of its points, would please The Herald of Life. He contends that the Logos abandoned His divinity, which He had before the Incarnation, and resumed it after the resurrection. That in the flesh He was not truly, personally, completely Divine. He lacked omniscience and omnipotence. The Son seeks to prove by the text, "Knoweth no man; no, not the Son, but the Father," and His petitions for power, etc. But how the Logos could lay aside His Divine attributes, is of course insoluble. His Divine nature, he thinks, remained, but in subordination. The argument is more interesting than conclusive. Prof. Barrows continues his able papers on "Revelation and Inspiration." Prof. Bascom thoroughly examines "Porter on the Intellect;" Dr. Sweetser discusses the "Relation of Progress in Truth to Correct Interpretation." It is an able statement of the only position the Christian scholar can take—the absolute verbal truths of the Bible as of the atoms of Nature, and a reverent study to know their nature and meaning. When men and ministers get over the attempt to apply the Aristotelian modes of physical investigation to the Bible as they have got over such processes in respect to nature, and, accepting facts after Bacon's law, proceed to study them, we shall find abundance of new light breaking forth from the Word, as we have, by the right treatment, from nature. Stanley talks loosely on "Inspiration;" but his "Studies in Palestine" and in "Jewish History" are almost the only works of his that will survive him; and that because they carry out Dr. Sweetser's idea—a study of the volume as all true, and not a theory about it. Dr. Macdonald examines "Bethesda and its Miracle," denying that the Evangelist wrote the verse about the "angel troubling;" and considering the miracle a test of Christ's superiority to nostrum vendors of all ages. Mr. Arberry continues his very excellent essays on "The Doctrine of the Apostles;" and Rev. J. G. Means, Chaplain to the Massachusetts Senate, has a fine article on the "Origin of Language," in which he rebukes Prof. Whitney for his Darwinism. He argues that language can only come from instruction—that is, from a superior; and hence the first man must have been taught by a predecessor. Who is he? "There was no superior man; God took it upon Himself." Rev. W. H. Ward, one of the editors of The Independent, has a good article on "Assyrian Text-books." He is making this a study, and is, so far as we know, the only man in America who can read the cuneiform inscription. This shows how conservative is that sheet; when one of its editors is an expert, and the only one in the nation, in the dearest of the dead languages. We shall expect to see, in its illustrations, this genial scholar among the Nineveh remains, studying out the winged lions, while his associate in the front shop is demolishing them.

New Publications Received.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY
Bible Gems, Kremer,	J. B. Lippincott & Co.	Lee & Shepard.
Conjugal Bliss, Gardner,	J. T. Redfield & Co.	"
Riverside Magazine, Vol. 3,	Hurd & Houghton.	"
Life of our Lord, Hanna,	Carters.	Gould & Lincoln.
Banvard's Little Pilgrim Series,	H. A. Young & Co.	"
A Mare Piece of Mischief, Guernsey,	Martien,	Henry Hoyt.
The Door of Escape, Reeve,	"	"
The Schoolboy Hero, Moncrieff,	"	"
The Hospital Boy,	"	"
Excelsior Cook-book, Trowbridge,	Oakley & Co.	A. F. Graves.
The Nursery,	J. L. Sherry.	"
Atlantic Monthly,	Fields, Osgood & Co.	"
Our Young Folks,	"	"
Blackwood's Magazine,	"	"
Golden Hours,	Carlton & Lanahan.	"
Good Health,	A. Moore,	"

We have no doubt the ministers will vote according to their consciences. Their brethren who have voted have done so. We believe that conscience will say it is not wrong for us to do as our brethren have done. The General Conference submitted this plan to us by

an almost unanimous vote — three only dissenting. It was prepared by a mixed commission of both friends and foes of the proposition. A list of that Committee shows how liberally the majority of the General Conference treated their brethren, for a very large majority were undoubtedly in favor of Lay Representation. They put upon this Committee such distinguished opponents of the measure as Drs. Curry, Merrill, and Fuller, three General Conference editors, and Rev. Messrs. Dobbin and Munger. That Committee's report was adopted without a change in any particular. The membership have voted, two to one, in its favor. One half of the ministry have voted, five out of six, in its favor. The other half are now to vote. The first response of this division is in harmony with all that have preceded. North Carolina opens the spring campaign with a unanimous vote in approval. South Carolina will do likewise. As the tide rising there floats northward, it will sweep with the same steady fullness. The brethren of the East will agree with those of the West, and with their own lay vote — and put this new step upward of the Church into legal completeness. The opposition has largely diminished; and but for a local war in a single section would hardly be heard. That war embarrasses the Church in other and greater questions than this. We rejoice in the stand *The Advocate's* representative finally took at Chicago. We believe the brethren who so unanimously endorsed that position there, will be approved by their constituents in the East, as cordially as they have been by those in the West. The Church and ministry, by large majorities desire the consummation of this movement. We believe it will not be warmly opposed, nor ultimately defeated. We hope no epithets, such as found their way into *The Advocate's* article, will be repeated by any brother on either side. On the contrary, we trust that five sixths of the coming voters, as of the past, will say, untrammelled and unterrified by fears or threats on either side, "this measure will advance the glory of God, and promote the best interests of Methodism," and join our laity, ministry, General Conference, and Bishops, in giving it our legal approval.

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

This institution opened, more than seven years ago, in this city a religious library and reading-room for the benefit of clergymen, Sabbath-school teachers, and all others of the various religious denominations. Beginning without books or money, it has gathered 7,000 volumes, and some 20,000 pamphlets, and unbound newspapers, all of which are catalogued, and ready for use. The reading-room contains 82 periodicals, or a larger number than can be found, of a religious character, in any public rooms of Boston.

The library opens daily, at 12 West Street, corner of Washington Street, and is free to all occasional visitors; and for a very moderate sum, clergymen, theological students, Sabbath-school teachers, and others, can use the library daily, and take out books. The books can be taken to any distance, and are now circulated in fifty-two towns and villages of New England.

This library is designed to be a national one, and to be the best, of the kind, in the country; and it soon may be so, if the various Christian denominations will unite heartily in its support. A religious museum has been commenced, in connection with the library, and a religious exchange it is daily, where Christians of every branch of the Church may meet as friends.

The advantages of such an establishment are obvious. Already works are found in it that are not in large general libraries, and they are constantly increasing. Besides, the religious student finds chiefly religious and moral books. He can go to the shelves, and examine the books, and is not compelled to wait, and often for a long time, to have them brought to him.

This institution has claims upon Methodists, since they have ever been represented in its management; since their ministers are itinerants, and hence cannot bear about with them large libraries; since their Sabbath-school teachers need its books; since their Theological Seminary is near it, and has already been much benefited by it; and since, if Methodist books are placed in this library, they are read by so many who might not otherwise see them.

Already more Methodist churches are members of

the institution than of any other communion. But only a few, of the many within reach of the library, have joined it for the benefit of their pastors. Let the number be greatly increased; and Christmas and New Year's days afford a good opportunity to cheer both our pastors and the institution.

Donations of our denominational works, of books of any kind, or of money, will always be gratefully received, and duly acknowledged. The President of the Library is Edward Brooks, esq., the Treasurer, Mr. A. W. Stetson, and the Secretary, Rev. Luther Farnham, all of Boston.

A STRONG CRY.

Rev. Mr. Dale, in his address before the British Congregational Union, on the missionary work, makes this earnest cry. Why should not every Christian practice it? Archbishop Manning boasts that he has brought a convert to Rome for every day since he joined its communion. Such faithfulness on the part of every true Christian, or a tithe of such, would soon bring the world to Christ. Read, pray, practice.

"For years we and our churches have been maintaining a large and costly machinery for the conversion of the world; is it not time for us to attempt to convert the world ourselves? Suppose it were possible for us, during the next twelve months, by a gigantic effort of generosity, to double the number of buildings which we have erected for Divine worship in this country; suppose that every one of our congregations built in some neglected district a church as large as its own; that would be a magnificent achievement. We know that it is beyond our power. But there is no reason why we should not accomplish a far grander work. Why should not every member in every church throughout the country resolve, with God's help, to prevail upon a friend, a neighbor, a brother, a sister, to trust in Christ for the forgiveness of sin, and for eternal salvation, before twelve months are over? If the resolve were made, I believe in my heart that it would be accomplished, and the result would be, that before the year had gone by and we met again in this autumnal assembly, every Congregationalist church in England and Wales would have created, not a material edifice for Divine worship, whose walls and foundations, though of granite, would at last decay, but another living church as strong as itself — a true temple of God, imperishable as the Divine throne, and destined to be the home of the Divine glory forever. To do this, the very dream of which thrills the heart with unutterable bliss, we need, not boundless wealth, not heroic self-sacrifice, not an impossible perfection in the organization of the strength of our churches, but only that which God is eager to grant, and which may be had for the asking — the baptism of the Holy Ghost."

The Christian Index, Memphis, is the organ of the colored branch of the M. E. Church, South. It is well printed, and is earnestly edited. It is full of bitterness toward the Church people of the North, and is rebellious enough to suit the hottest of the unrepentant South. This is a specimen: —

"Many Abolitionists were once slaveholders, who, perhaps, looking forward to their emancipation, sold them, and are now living on the money received for them. Mr. Birney, the first man who ran as an Abolition candidate for the Presidency, sold his negroes in Alabama to my wife's father, and then turned Abolitionist. The North brought them from Africa, and when slavery ceased to be profitable, sold them down South."

Such old-fashioned slaveholding falsehoods show that these brethren believed what they heard their masters say over their whiskey, in the good old days when they used to curse the Abolitionists so abundantly. It asks for a thousand subscribers, and will probably get them — the white ministers of its Church gladly aiding to sow these dragon teeth among their colored population. It refers several times to *THE HERALD*, quoting even our urgent appeals for our Church to build itself up in the South on equality and fraternity, but says not a word in approval of this divine doctrine. All its influence and language are directed to the perpetuation of the abhorrent distinctions. May it soon reach a better mind. May it stimulate our Church to a truer Christianity over all the South and the North.

A Georgian paper treats its readers to these truthful statements: —

"MASSACHUSETTS OVERRUNNING GEORGIA. — Tuesday night, two white lads were found on the streets, wandering about, and lodged in the calaboose. They stated that they were brought out (with about one hundred and fifty others) from an orphan asylum in Massachusetts, by some of the enlightened citizens of that Commonwealth, and dropped here. The others are being distributed throughout the State. When it is remembered that the 'illegitimates' exceed the 'legitimates' in that State, one can readily perceive how the first

can be got rid of in this way. In the name of humanity, we protest against such cruelty and wrong doing!

"Charles Sumner ought to introduce a bill at once to reconstruct Massachusetts! Will not Governor Bullock take that State under his charge?"

Those boys were as smart, almost, as Sheridan, who, when picked up drunk by the police, and asked his name, hiccupped out, "Wilberforce." They knew that a story defaming Massachusetts would win them favor with these rebellious spirits. When will the South learn to respect her best friends? Georgia's purity is written on the faces of almost one half of its population. Massachusetts gives her little wanderers homes, but is not so cruel as to trust them to the tender mercies of such unsubdued rebels as those who pen and praise such paragraphs.

The Atlanta Advocate speaks thus of the late session of the North Carolina Conference: —

"Quite a discussion arose in reference to the work among the people of color. Our membership in North Carolina are nearly all white, not more than one fourth or one fifth being colored. No colored preachers have heretofore been received in the Conference, but now two men — Alfred Stokes and Isaac Wells — of excellent character, sound judgment, deep piety, and some education, have been admitted and appointed to colored work. This is a wise movement. We must have colored men for colored work as fast as those of the right stamp can be found. Our colored people greatly need pastoral care. They must have ministers who can go from house to house among them, to pray with and instruct them in matters of religion, but still we must insist upon having good men, pure men, able to read, in the ministry."

When will our brethren South get out of their brains the cruel notion of separate churches? We are glad this Conference has not perpetuated its practice of excluding colored members. May this step forward cure that remaining folly.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. Now is the time to get this blessing from the Lord. The Church charities come at this hour, local and general. Remember the Missionary, Bible, Preachers' Aid, Church Extension, and other great charities. They call urgently for your help. Our Missionary Society is invited to Portugal and St. Domingo. Its lack of means prevents its going. It is a shame for a great Church to decline any open door. A single society would hardly do it. We are starting new mission stations every month almost in our large towns. Why should not the Church general go and do likewise? It will, if the societies respond. Let them pile their gifts on God's altar.

Judge Caton, of Illinois, thus "took down" a Mormon's opinion of Joe Smith's prophetic gifts: —

"A Mormon was descending in his hearing on the fidelity with which every part of their history and progress corresponded to the visions in which Joe Smith had foreseen and predicted them, and was dwelling with emphasis on the revelation of the Salt Lake Valley and its mountain fastness as a place for the Mormon people, which he asserted Joe Smith had received by vision from the Almighty, when the Judge said: —

"I know all about that. I was counsel for Joe Smith on his trial, and became greatly interested in the man: and when I returned to Washington, and received an advanced copy of General Fremont's report, I thought of Smith, and sent him my own copy with the remark: This is the place for you and your people for a hundred years to come." The Mormon subsided, but did not seem ashamed of his credulity.

The Pittsburg Advocate says, the action of our Presiding Elders on lay Conferences and woman's public work, "smacks strongly of the unrest of Methodism in that section." It "smacks strongly" of life. The unrest of the Pittsburg furnaces all the year, and Pennsylvania farms in summer, bespeaks prosperity. They mean business. New England Methodism has always suffered from such unrest. May it continue thus to suffer. Its unrest on slavery abolished it. Its unrest on caste will yet abolish that, even in Pittsburg. "Fresh fields and pastures new," is its motto. The only difference between her and her sister sections is, that they get up later. She is nearer the east, and so is up with the sun, while her fellows are saying, "A little more sleep, a little more slumber." *The Pittsburg* is a lively sheet, ready above some of its kindred to adopt the right ideas as they come along. It will accept these of New England, especially that on woman's liberty of prophesying.

The Central Advocate has this item on Bishop Scott's visit to the Louisiana Legislature:—

"The Louisiana Legislature was visited by the Bishop, who exclaimed, 'Verily the world moves,' while observing the mingling of the races, on grounds of political equality. The dignity of Lt.-Gov. Dunn as President of the Senate, and the ease and naturalness with which the colored members performed their part, were matters of special interest and commendation. The Lt.-Governor did us the honor after the adjournment, to lead the way to the Governor's room, where our young Chief Magistrate spent a short time in social chat with the Bishop."

The Northern Advocate says we made a great dust in our reply to its assaults on bishops, agents, and the Massachusetts Convention. Dust is made by clearing up of a somewhat uncleanly object. So if we made the dust, our worthy *Advocate* must be that out of which it was made. It seems to think that it is a bad sign for a Church journal to agree with its bishops. It would be a novelty in its own late history. On the two questions that have lately been considered and approved by the Church, *THE HERALD* and the Bishops agree. *The Northern* would not object to such endorsement of its views, only it must first have views to be endorsed. On these questions it lets "I dare not wait upon I would." It warmly censured the Bishops, including Bishop Ames, for expressing an opinion in approval of the conduct of one of our officials, concerning whom its words have never been commendatory; it censured, thereby, the official brother himself; it censured directly the Massachusetts State Convention for expressing an opinion on the Book Concern matters, declaring that the laity of our Church have "the same right to demand a report of the business of the book establishment of Harper Brothers, as they have in the case before us." These attacks, of course, made it greatly grieved at *THE HERALD*, which happened to agree with the Bishops and Church. It misstated the position of all the members of our Convention, and has not yet found space to print the half dozen lines of correction which we requested it to do. We may have to dust it again until it does that duty. We remember, in our school-teaching days, a very bad boy was called up to be punished. He was told to take off his jacket. He defied the master, and surlily refused, whereupon said jacket was well dusted until it came off, when punishment ceased. Another naughty boy can profit by his example. When it gets right, it will get clear of dust, and find *THE HERALD*, in this matter, to have been clear from the beginning.

When one who had bitterly opposed an eminent person spoke in his praise, he exclaimed, "What have I done wrong, that this man commends me?" Our able Methodist brother, in the Michigan University, may well make a like inquiry, when he sees a word of his praised lustily by infidel journals, and by ministers and papers that bitterly oppose the faith of the Gospel. Nothing tests a word like the manner in which, and the persons by whom it is received. Tried by that test, he will yet deeply regret that he has given such aid and comfort to those who, above all other things, will rejoice when his college is as free from Orthodox faith as its journal already is, and who are subtly and steadily working to compass this sad result. Personalities hurt only those who use them. Principles outlive all assault, and the principles of *THE HERALD*, on the attempt now making to expel Christ from that and other colleges, receive the approval of every truly Christian heart and press, and will yet be publicly endorsed by our most worthy and beloved fellow-laborer.

The portrait of Miss Blanche Butler by Mr. Joseph Ames, on exhibition at De Vries's, is a marvel of art. The face is very sweet, motion easy, and dress a very elaborate and elegant costume. No such portrait has been exhibited in this city for years. We have never seen its equal from an American easel. It is visited by crowds of admirers. The General must be a little prouder of this ornament to his family than of his political honors. If such a picture were brought to us from Europe, and from artists of fame, it would command a very high price. It is worth thousands of dollars. The portraits of Governor Claflin and Isaac Rich, by the same artist, are nearly completed. They will be on exhibition this week. It is a great regret that so distinguished an artist is to leave our city for New York.

The Methodist Quarterly shines forth like an Easter sun. Mr. Prentice has a very able examination of Renan. Dr. Cocker tells some fine truths against the Materialists, proving the power of mind to control matter. The other papers are valuable. Three are on the Bible. A fuller notice will be given. Every minister and every member, especially those that advocate having equal Conference rights with the ministers, should subscribe for it. It will be a great help in your culture. How ministers live without it, we cannot see. When getting less than almost any one itinerant on our list now receives, we kept this subscription afloat. Put a new patch on the shoes, but don't go without your *Quarterly* and *HERALD*.

We are informed that the two lady missionaries, Miss Thornburn and Miss Swain, who sailed from New York for India in November last, have just been heard from. They were about to leave Suva on the 23rd of December, and were in good health and spirits.

Few entertainments in this city have been of equal interest with Bradford, Hayes, and Black's stereoptic views of the Arctic regions. They carry one from Newfoundland to as

near the North Pole as we can now get. The views of icebergs and glaciers are especially fine. The pictures are thrown up to a gigantic size. Many have attended the exhibition. It closes at the Temple this week. Be sure and see it if you can, especially your children. This warm winter will feel more natural, if you spend an hour among the icebergs and Esquimaux.

John Stuart Mill, in a letter to the National Woman's Suffrage Convention, declining an invitation to visit America, thus speaks of his wife, now long dead:—

"I need hardly say how much I am gratified at the mode in which my name was mentioned in the National Convention at Newport, and still more at the tribute to the memory of my dear wife, who from early youth was devoted to this cause, and had done invaluable service to it as the inspirer and instructor of others, even before writing the essay so deservedly eulogized in your resolutions. To her I owe the far greater part of whatever I have myself been able to do for the cause, for though from my boyhood I was a convinced adherent of it, on the ground of justice, it was she who taught me to understand the less obvious bearings of the subject, and its close connection with all the great moral and social interests of the cause."

Clara Barton, who more than other woman or man served our nation in her care for the dying and dead soldiers, who has gotten up lists of graves that have restored many bodies to their friends, thus appeals to her soldier friends to help her get the ballot:—

"When you were weak, and I was strong, I tolled for you. Now you are strong, and I am weak, because of my work for you, I ask your aid. I ask the ballot for myself and my sex; and as I stood by you, I pray you stand by me and mine."

The New Orleans Advocate appears in the quarto, cut and stitched after *THE HERALD* pattern. This is the third Methodist journal that has followed our example. The rest are not far behind. It is well conducted; we are glad to see that it still lives. It should be put into the hands of a board, who will make it ultimately a source of strength financially, as well as in all other respects, to our Church in that metropolis of the South.

We are pleased to find the religious articles in *THE HERALD* so generally quoted, and, what used to be a rarer virtue, acknowledged. No paper is better served by its contributors with these pungent and pressing entreaties. Short and earnest words for Christ are the best gifts you can send. Only be sure and don't put them in lines beginning each with a capital letter. Write it as prose is ordinarily written.

Hall's Journal of Health comes to us in new form, not unlike our own, with several good illustrations and an abundance of excellent reading. *Hall's Journal* has done an incalculable amount of good, and is more widely known than any other serial of the kind, and deservedly so.

We invite the attention of all our preachers and people in this State to the call for a State Temperance Convention, to be held in Boston, February 26th. A large number of eminent speakers are invited, including Hon. Mr. Hichborn, the Temperance candidate for Governor of Maine, Rev. Dr. Barnes, the like candidate in New Hampshire, Mr. Platt, Speaker of Connecticut House of Representatives, and many celebrities of this State. Read the call in your churches, brethren; come yourselves, and bring all you can. It is just the hour for a grand rally.

The Maine Temperance Convention at Auburn, last Thursday, was a great success. Earnest speeches were made, a definite policy declared, and progress in the cause clearly made. It declared the Temperance question preëminent, urged moral means for its extension, demanded a State Police, approved of all kinds of Temperance organizations, and adopted this principle on political action:—

"Resolved, That in view of the enormous evils now threatening our State and nation, arising from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, Temperance men cannot sustain a political party which does not hold the prohibition of the liquor traffic its paramount and leading principle."

Rev. Messrs. Hill, Randall, John Allen, Jackson, Dr. Stevens, Capt. Dean, and others, participated in the debates. It was an influential meeting, and shows Maine is still ahead on the Great Reform.

Lee & Shepard publish a new volume this month, by the author of "Credo," entitled "The God-man." *The Watchman and Reflector* says: "All we ask of the writer is to make his second book as good as his first."

Rev. P. Merrill has a good article in *The Christian Messenger* on "Regeneration and Sanctification," which has only one error in it—its introductory sentence, which, as written, seems to convey the impression that we have preached another theory than his. He says:—

"It is asked, with somewhat of an air of triumph, in *THE HERALD* of the 12th inst., for some one to make the distinction between regeneration and sanctification, and those are called Palmerists who claim there is such a distinction; as if Dr. Palmer and his wife were the first who taught this doctrine."

One would be apt to decide from this sentence, that these censured words were the expression of this paper, as they were found in a ten line note in "Our Social Meeting," where we allow our brethren and sisters some freedom in prophesying. We have received two long articles in response to that very short one. *THE HERALD* agrees with the Bible and the Church on that theme.

A writer in *The Advocate* advises both the two Church South papers in Baltimore to cease their quarrelling, and subscribe to the *New York Advocate*. Good advice. It could only be improved by advising them to take *THE HERALD*.

At a meeting of the Radical Club, lately, Mr. Higginson declared he "could not live nor breathe in a religious life that was merely an effluence from Jesus Christ." He cannot live or breathe in reality save in that effluence. His very powers of thought and feeling are from Him by whom "all things are made that are made." The only question is, whether he will confess or deny Him by whom and in whom he lives, and moves, and has his being. May he receive the anointing of repentance and faith.

The Canada Christian Advocate appears in new type. It is an able advocate of the truth in its best forms, its dress being all beautiful, within as well as without.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Lore began his lectures in the missionary work, before the Theological Seminary on Monday of this week. They were continued the three following days at 12 o'clock noon, at the Bromfield St. vestry. If any who get this paper in season have not attended them, we urge them to hear what is left. They are on important subjects and by a very competent speaker.

Rev. E. W. Virgin was presented with a fine gold watch, by his parishioners of Chicopee Falls, on Thursday evening, the 27th inst. Mrs. M. A. Johnson made the presentation speech, cautioning always to "be in time."

Mr. Ebenezer Bowman, of Taunton, Mass., a Christian gentleman well known for his Christian and Temperance principles, is prepared to lecture upon the subject of Temperance in any place desiring his services. Those who have heard him, pronounce his lectures interesting, logical, and sound upon the great question of the day. His lectures are appropriate for the Sabbath, as well as during other days of the week. We know of no other available man so well calculated to adapt himself to this work as he. Post-office address, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Dr. Woodruff is intending to visit Europe and the East, next year. He has eyes to see, and pen to tell what he sees. *Bon Voyage*.

The last of the sad events connected with the dread calamity on the Long Island Railroad last summer, has just transpired. Mrs. Margaret L. Pray, the young wife of Dr. Pray, sunk under the shock and was buried two weeks ago in her husband's grave. Their babe lost father, mother, uncle, grandfather, and grandmother, all by the same shocking event. Mrs. Pray was the daughter of Rev. Dr. Lawrence, lately of the East Windsor Theological School, and granddaughter of Rev. Dr. Woods of Andover. She was an accomplished lady, educated in Germany, where she made the acquaintance of her husband. Mr. Beecher and Rev. John Cotton Smith attended her funeral. It is a sad ending, and sends renewed tides of grief through both of the smitten households. How precious, in such hours, is the thought that in that better country there is no more death, nor sorrow, nor sighing, nor any more pain.

Rev. T. B. Wood, wife and daughter, left New York for Buenos Ayres on Tuesday, Jan. 17, in the La Plata. Our readers will be favored with sketches from his pen, as to the Christian and other phases of the South American work.

The Hanover Street Church paid this deserved compliment to their Presiding Elder at its last meeting:—

Whereas, The present Conference year closes the labors of Rev. L. B. Thayer, as Presiding Elder upon this District, therefore,
Resolved, That we recognize in Bro. Thayer a man eminently fitted for the work to which he has been called, as a preacher of the Gospel, Presiding Elder upon this District, and as a Christian gentleman; and rejoice with him in the good results accomplished upon the District during his administration.

Resolved, That we extend to our brother on his departure from our district, our cordial Christian sympathy, and best wishes for his health and prosperity in whatever field of labor to which he may be called, assuring him of a hearty reception whenever he may be pleased to visit us.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GRANITEVILLE.—Rev. M. H. A. Evans writes: "The Lord is extending the borders of His infant church in Graniteville. Our Sabbath-school is large and interesting. The Christmas festival was a success, a model of purity, entirely innocent of gambling. No grab-bag, guess-cake, fishing-pond, or kindred modern abomination was introduced. The pastor was not forgotten. Besides dressing gown, slippers etc., he was surprised with a *billet doux* containing \$75 cash. Our church project is progressing. The subscription—generously headed by C. G. Sargent, esq., with \$2,000 and site—has already reached \$4,678. The society is poor, and merits help. Of the above sum less than \$500 has been contributed by professing Christians."

"The Church should at least double the amount extracted from the world, as a denotation to Christ."

"When it is remembered that this field was entered in July last, that during the summer we held our services in a grove, that they are now continued in contemptible quarters, many of the congregation standing, or going away for want of room, our brethren will readily appreciate the position. Our foundation wall is laid, and the contractors all at work."

"With six thousand dollars help we hope to dedicate in May or June."

"Dr. Haskell was with us last Sabbath, administered the sacrament and received seven members into full connection. As many more will join us in a few weeks. About forty have joined the class. We are looking for, and expecting better things and brighter days."

MAINE.

The following persons were chosen Lay Delegates to the Maine Conference, at the meeting of the District Stewards for Readfield District: S. C. Tuck, Arnold Hardy, H. K. Baker, James G. Waugh, A. Daggett.

DRESDEN. — Rev. E. Davis writes: "God has blessed this charge this two years. Many precious souls have found Christ. Others have been reclaimed, and some have found full redemption in the blood of Christ. More than \$1,000 have been expended on the meeting-house and parsonage."

"A precious revival this fall in a neglected district, brought men, women, and children, to Christ."

"North Dresden had a Christmas supper for the Sunday-school, with an excellent exhibition, securing money for Sunday-school library."

"This week South Dresden, at a social gathering, gave their minister \$54. The next night, North Dresden, at a similar gathering, gave \$52, more than paying up the claim to the present time."

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

Just at this time there is some serious thinking in the minds of men whose duty it is to furnish the churches with ministers.

Where is our supply of young preachers to come from? This is a big question in the New Hampshire Conference today. Until recently, the Theological School, located at Concord, met the demand. But that having been removed to Boston, it pours its fruit into the lap of the New England Conference.

Our Conference Seminary at Tilton, is doing a good work, under Dr. Barrows, in preparing a number of candidates for the ministerial office. But the supply from this source and others, does not seem to meet the demands. Many small churches are dwindling into relics of past strength, mere vestiges of what were, in the days of the "Old Institute," flourishing little country charges. These people ask for a regular pastor, and no circuits; they would pay two, three, and four hundred dollars salary. But for many of them, we have no men. The students who used to serve them are gone — and they are left without under-shepherds. Shall we not be compelled to institute a new order of things, so that the poor shall have the gospel preached to them? As it now is, many hunger and go unfed. Perhaps when the laymen are admitted to our counsels, they will see, eye to eye, with their perplexed Presiding Elders, and have this evil remedied, in part, if not in whole.

Rev. J. Pike goes to New York this week to meet with the members of the Book Committee. How long he will be absent is unknown. If the Committee continue a close investigation of the affairs of the Book Concern, it will doubtless take much time. His brethren indorse his action in withholding his name from the unsatisfactory report of the Committee, prepared at their last meeting, and so widely published in both secular and religious papers.

The State Temperance Convention, held in Concord, was not all harmony on the organization of a new Temperance political party. The delegates were unanimous in their desire to attempt the election of a Prohibitory Legislature, and this idea was urged upon the Convention as a mediatorial measure. Upon it the active Temperance men of the State could have united and would have acted, and indeed we cannot see why we should not do so, under existing circumstances. Some true Temperance men will not support the independent ticket for Governor, and Railroad Commissioner. But if even this point has been carried in the face of an opposite faith and convictions fully expressed, it should not throw confusion among the Temperance people on legislative action. Right here is our only hope for help from a political party. This is our opportunity, and this is our field of labor. The Republican party is already catering to the demands of temperance people, and setting up temperance men for Representatives and Senators. Let us hold on our way, and victory will come.

WHITE MOUNTAIN MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION. — The Secretary, Rev. A. B. Russell, sends the following report: — "The Association convened at Warren, N. H., Jan. 17, Rev. Dr. Barrows President pro tem. Prayer was offered by the writer. Bro. A. Cressey read a well written sermon founded on Rom. i. 16: 'For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ,' etc. In the evening Bro. J. N. Durrell preached from John xv. 5. Tuesday morning the meeting opened with short prayers by several of the brethren."

"Bro. L. L. Eastman read a sketch founded on Isaiah lvi. 2. Bro. Tyre, of the N. H. Conference Seminary, read a good sermon on the 2d verse of the 1st Psalm, which was followed by a sketch from the pen of Dr. Barrows, founded on one of the Psalms, the number and verse we have lost. Bro. A. B. Russell read an essay on the subject of 'Pulpit Preparation.' R. S. Stubbs arrived and took the chair, when on motion, the meeting adjourned. In the P. M. A. B. Russell preached a sermon founded on Rev. iii. 5, which was followed by that most interesting exercise of all, 'The personal experience of the several pastors, and an account of the good work on their several charges.' J. Hooper read an excellent sermon on the subject of holiness. R. S. Stubbs preached in the evening from John xvi. 8. This was a stirring and profitable sermon, and was followed by an invitation for all who desired a deeper work of grace, to come to the altar for prayers. The Church was largely represented in this exercise, and the power of the Lord was manifested. Wednesday morning, R. S. Stubbs read an able essay. Subject, 'Christian Mysteries, their Nature and Functions.'"

"Preaching in the evening by the writer on Luke xxii. 61. 'And the Lord turned and looked on Peter.'"

"We feel that these pleasant and profitable meetings should be well sustained; but there is a tendency of late, in this Association in particular, to pass them by, by default. It does not seem to be exactly the thing, after a brother has invited the Association, and the Church has prepared to entertain it, for brethren to absent themselves, without very good reasons. It produces needless anxiety and depression on the spirit of the brother who invites and provides for the meeting. It is sincerely hoped that this Association will be better sustained, should the Lord prosper its members another year."

The work of salvation is going steadily on at Bartlett and Kearsarge. Six rose for prayers last night. More than twenty have manifested a desire for religion during the month past. Quite a number more are, I believe, earnest seekers for the "pearl of great price." In other parts of the charge, an increasing interest in religious things is being manifested. Praise God for salvation through the Crucified.

DOVER DISTRICT MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION. Rev. A. R. Lunt gives his version of the Dover District Meeting: —

"The account given of the last Ministerial Association of Dover District, or that portion relating to the Temperance question, is liable to give a wrong impression as to the real sentiments of some of the brethren present, as to the expediency of having a new political party for the promotion of Temperance in New Hampshire."

"Your correspondent says: 'As the party was already organized, the speakers were obliged to stand for or against it.' And, 'all that spoke, deplored the new movement as premature, and decided against it.'"

"Now, there were some twenty preachers at the Association, only four of whom we heard express any opinion on the subject at all. I have no doubt that there were brethren there whose minds were not made up, and I know of one who, had he been called upon to decide at all, would have decided in favor of it and not against it."

RHODE ISLAND.

WESTERLY. — Rev. A. W. Mills writes that the Lord is pouring a rich blessing upon the Church in Westerly. The members have been awakened, backsliders have been reclaimed, and sinners converted. Meetings are being held daily. Last Sabbath evening two Roman Catholics were in our prayer-meeting, and as they passed out of the door to go home, one said to the other: "I believe they are right!" One evening last week, two other Catholics were present, and at the close of the meeting, one remarked to his companion: — "I believe the priest has been trying to deceive us!" This society, which, a little over three years ago met from house to house to hold class-meetings and prayer-meetings (with no preacher), now numbers over one hundred members. They are struggling to obtain a house of worship. May God and the Church help them.

THE VOTE ON LAY DELEGATION.

PREVIOUSLY reported: —

Conference.	For.	Against.	Total.
3d.....	2,514	008	3,122
North Carolina.....	18	—	3,135

This makes the affirmative vote 2,527, which gives three fourths and 176 to spare.

CURRENT NOTES.

There is a gracious revival in progress in Williamstown, Vt.

Our Western papers give glowing reports of the revival work.

More students are in attendance at McKendree College than ever before.

The good work is progressing in Newbury, Vt.; within a few weeks, more than thirty have been at the altar for prayer.

Rev. S. A. Seaman, of Long Island, is soliciting material to prepare a history of Methodism in New York City and Brooklyn.

The revival at Rondout, N. Y., is truly wonderful; between three and four hundred souls have been converted.

The New York Convention meets at Syracuse, on the 22d of February.

A large number of conversions are reported in the Philadelphia churches.

Rev. A. Gather supplies Preston, Pa., made vacant by the transfer of Rev. D. D. Hudson to the New England Conference.

Some sixty members have recently been added to Simpson Chapel, St. Louis, the result of a gracious revival.

The presence of Bishop Kingsley is creating great joy among the missionaries of China and the East.

Thomas H. Havener, esq., a distinguished layman, and member of Wesley Street, Washington, is dead.

Dr. Hamilton, of Washington, has recently closed the fiftieth year of his ministry. His wife is ill.

The New York State Convention will probably be postponed to the month of June.

Rev. Dr. Gpber, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of San Francisco, has been elected Chaplain of the California Senate.

The last New York Advocate makes mention of over 640 recent conversions in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

At Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., a new and most beautiful church, costing \$15,000, was dedicated by Bishop Simpson on Tuesday, January 11th.

The interest in Mt. Bellingham Church, Chelsea, is on the increase. More than three hundred have professed conversion. Mrs. Van Cott is still laboring there.

Wesley Chapel, Washington, has been renovated, and is now one of the most pleasant churches belonging to our people in the District of Columbia.

A beautiful church was recently dedicated in Reisterstown, Baltimore Co., Rev. Dr. Eddy preaching the sermon. A gracious work is now in progress there.

Rev. Henry Boehm, now in his ninety-fifth year, spent Sabbath, January 9th, with the Alanson Methodist Episcopal Church in New York city, Rev. Dr. G. W. Woodruff, pastor.

A neat Gothic brick church, costing about \$5,000, was dedicated on January 2d, at St. Charles, Mo., a city of some ten thousand inhabitants, twenty-five miles from St. Louis.

The Atlanta Methodist Advocate has just entered upon its second year, with fine prospects. It is thought the circulation will soon exceed any paper in Georgia, if not in the South.

Mr. Mellen, the voluntary missionary, paid a visit to the Essex House of Correction on Sunday, the 16th, and after speaking for some time to the prisoners, fifty-five expressed a desire to find Jesus, by signing a paper or pledge.

A notice for union religious services in Easton, Maryland, is published in one of the papers of that town, signed by Rev. Dr. Kenney, of the M. E. Church, Rev. Dr. Rees, of the M. P. Church, and Rev. Mr. Shipley, of the M. E. Church South.

A meeting, composed of the pastors and three lay representatives from each charge in the city of Baltimore, resolved on the 10th, that it is expedient to procure camp ground in the State of Maryland, for the Methodists of Baltimore.

The project, in Baltimore, to erect a Home for the Aged of our Church, in that city, is destined to be a complete success. About thirty thousand dollars have been secured, and a suitable site will soon be bought on which to erect a Home.

Trinity M. E. Church, Trenton, New Jersey, has been in a blaze of revival, for nearly two months. Its pastor, Rev. E. V. Lawrence, reported on Sunday last, to his congregation, that over 200 had been received since Conference. — *Home Journal*.

A new paper, the *New Orleans Advocate and Journal of Education*, has reached us. It is the old *Advocate*, recently edited by Rev. Dr. Newman, in a new and improved form, its editorial staff being Thomas W. Conway, William Rollinson, and M. C. Cole.

The lecture and Sabbath-school room of the new St. Paul M. E. Church, Cincinnati, was dedicated on the 16th. It is a magnificent room. The total cost of the church when finished, will be \$130,000. The collection for the day reached \$44,000.

At Carthage, Mo. (a city where, four years ago there was only a single cabin), a new M. E. Church, costing \$9,000, was dedicated December 19. The balance of \$4,900 was pledged, with a surplus of nearly \$2,000. Rev. T. H. Haggerty officiated.

The next session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is appointed to begin in Memphis, on Sunday, May 1st. Its powers are similar to the corresponding body in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Annapolis, Md., has three M. E. churches, all in a very prosperous condition. The pastor of the first is Rev. Dr. W. B. Edwards; of the second, Rev. I. H. Swope; of the third Rev. James Ockmay (colored). The membership of these churches has increased threefold within seven years.

Rev. A. D. Davis, formerly of the Erie Conference, is having a year of wonderful prosperity in Harrington circuit in the Rock River Conference. Since the 26th of July last, six hundred have professed conversion, and over four hundred have united with the Church. — *Pittsburgh Advocate*.

Dr. J. T. Peck has an able and hopeful article in the last *Methodist*, on the coming New York Convention, in which he gives credit to Massachusetts and Connecticut for inaugurating the State Convention idea, but hopes New York will go ahead of these States. Modesty forbids us to say that New York will have to rise early before doing so. We catch the sunbeams first.

At a recent New York preachers' meeting the members discussed the subject of districting this city, and sending evangelists out among the people, if by any means they may be able to arrest the tide of infidelity and wickedness that so largely prevails. The necessity for such measures was admitted, but how best to accomplish the ends sought, was the great difficulty.

Sheffield, Mass., under Rev. A. P. Lyon, is in a flourishing condition. The brethren repaired their church last year at a cost of \$8,000. A revival soon after added about sixty new members. A course of six lectures this winter netted \$150. This is one of the most inviting charges on Rhinebeck District. They have increased the pastor's salary this year to \$1,000 — *Cor. of Methodist*.

A correspondent of the *Home Journal* writes from Cranberry, N. J., "Last night we concluded to hold the meeting in our M. E. Church; as it was rainy and muddy, we thought we could hold all that would come. But we were overfilled, and I left the audience room in charge of the two Presbyterian ministers; one of them preached to a packed audience. I took the basement and preached to a profoundly attentive, and soul interested congregation. While I was preaching, I could hear the Presbyterian Dominie thundering away up-stairs, from the text 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by.' Truly this is altogether new in this Presbyterian community. About 40 rose for prayer during the morning and evening. God is in our midst in great power."

Linganore Chapel, Frederick Co., Md., was recently dedicated by Bishop Ames. The records of this circuit go back to 1774; and among its preachers have been Philip Gatch, William Duke, Freeman Garrettson, and Beverly Waugh. The first Linganore Chapel was built one hundred and forty years ago by members of the Church of England. It was bought by the Methodists in 1804 and enlarged. The log walls of that structure still stand. Two deeds were obtained by the Methodists at the time of purchase. One includes a provision that the "Doctrines contained in Mr. John Wesley's four volumes of Sermons and his Notes on the Gospels" shall always be preached. The other says, "Whenever there shall cease to be Sabbath preaching the property shall return to the heirs" of the donor.

The Christian World.

APPEAL OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.

To the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, —

DEAR BRETHREN: — This Society has completed its third year's labor, and entered upon its fourth. The following table will indicate its work and growth: —

Year.	Receipts.	Schools.	Teachers.	Pupils.
1867.	\$37,129.89	28	52	5,000
1868.	50,167.24	40	72	7,000
1869.	99,513.50	60	105	10,000

Of the collections last year, over \$8,000 were contributed by the freedmen, to build and sustain their schools. Not a small portion of it also was appropriated by the Freedmen's Bureau to aid in building school-houses and sustaining teachers. Our schools have been established in all the Southern States, except Florida and Texas.

The Society has been instrumental in putting over \$120,000 into normal and common school buildings in the South. These buildings also furnish preaching-places for our ministers. The Sunday-schools held in them are, to a large extent, sustained by our teachers; and last year they enrolled over 8,000 scholars.

The work still grows. It brightens in promise. But, at the same time, its wants increase. This occasions our appeal. Its urgency is warranted by our work.

NORMAL AND BIBLICAL SCHOOLS.

The first effort of the Society was to establish common schools for the colored people just then emerging from slavery. But it was not slow to discover, that to provide common school education for the masses was a work too great to be effected by benevolent collections. Experience also soon taught us that if we could educate persons of color, and prepare them to take the field as teachers, they would be largely sustained by their own people.

The same was true in regard to ministers. The Church could not send a supply from abroad, at all adequate to the vast necessities of the case. They must be raised up at home, and spring from the people they were to serve.

But in the case of both teachers and ministers, not only was it necessary to give them the ordinary education, but also to implant in their minds and hearts more correct views upon morals and virtue than had been learned under the system of slavery. Our work would not be complete without some permanent provision for the education of teachers, and the training of young ministers. Hence the Normal and Biblical School.

We are now struggling to establish them at central points in the South. There are already seven of them, located as follows: "Central Tennessee College," Nashville, Tenn.; "The Clark University," Atlanta, Ga.; "The Huntsville Normal School," Huntsville, Ala.; "The Claflin University," Orangeburg, S. C.; "The Shaw University," Holly Springs, Miss.; "The Union Normal School," New Orleans, La., and "The Thompson University," Franklin, La.

These institutions are inadequate to the great and increasing demand. Others must be added. And yet we need at this very moment not less than TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS to complete the buildings of those we now have. Necessity is upon us; we must carry forward the work.

Brothers and sisters in the Church, come to our help! Friends of a down-trodden race, nobly struggling to lift itself up, lend your aid! Men, blessed by God with means that can be spared, and yet yourselves and families be left in comfort, will you not give something to this work? Men of wealth, we beseech you to remember this claim of Christian charity in your large and liberal giving! The fruit of such giving shall live forever. Now is the time to act.

These institutions are already beginning to supply ministers for our Southern Conferences. They are already beginning to send teachers into the field. They ought not, must not fail for want of help. And yet — ministers of Christ, lovers of the Saviour — what can we do but appeal to you?

COMMON SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS.

Christianity is light. It means the common school, the open Bible, and the people able to read, free to think. Schools are inseparable from missions, both in the foreign and home work. Success without them is impossible. Nowhere are they needed more than among the colored people of the South. Nowhere else are their fruits so speedily realized, and so abundant.

The time has not come when these schools can be supplied with teachers in the South. We are obliged to look for them in the North. They are ready to go. We verily believe that in six weeks we could put five hundred into the field, if the means to do so were at our command.

While we would desire to increase the number of our teachers, we must sustain those already in the field. Young women of education and refinement, who have been brought up in Christian homes — homes as bright and abundant as those we ourselves occupy; who have graduated from our colleges, are, for the love of Jesus, there. They are bending down — no, rising up to this godlike work! They are entitled by culture, and by all the noble qualities of heart and intellect, to recognition in the most cultivated circles. But some of them are denied homes, are hoisted, insulted, avoided as though the stain of leprosy was upon them, barred from Christian sympathy, from the Holy Sacrament, and even from the house of God, because they are Christ's missionaries to the poor. What greater demonstration can there be, that as Christ's mission was needed, so is theirs?

They are praying — not to be delivered; not for permission to come home — but to be sustained till their work is done. One says: "For weeks I spent most of my time out of school upon my knees." What wonder that she rose from those agonies of prayer with a consecration and strength of soul that enabled her to stand firm, even though the hot blasts of hell were howling around her.

Shall these teachers be sustained, or shall they be recalled? Brethren, it depends upon you to determine the question. So vital are the issues, so pressing this work of humanity and of God, that we have not found it possible to sound the first note of retreat, until we had uttered a long, loud, and prayerful call for help. How many churches, how many individuals are there, who will undertake the support of a teacher? It will cost but \$250.

What the common school has done for New England and for Ohio, what it has done for all the Northern and North-western States, it will do for the colored people of the South, if it can only be inaugurated and placed upon a solid foundation. We cannot expect, as yet, this to be done by the State. Christian philanthropy must begin it, and must carry it on.

Delay is ruin. It will discourage the colored man, demoralize his efforts, blast his hopes. It will cause the enemies of freedom to triumph. It will make future efforts of no avail. It will rob the nation and the Church, to a great extent, of the vantage ground won for freedom and religion, in the triumph of national arms. It will weaken, if not absolutely prevent, our success in one of the grandest and most hopeful fields opened to Christian effort in modern times.

As the General Conference and the Annual Conferences severally have indorsed this Society and its work, and commended it to the liberal support of the churches, we simply ask that each congregation may have the opportunity of making a contribution to its funds, and that the amount, whether large or small, be forwarded at once to aid in the great emergencies now upon us.

Brethren, our appeal is made; with earnest and prayerful anxiety we wait your response. Let it be made speedily, and in the name of the Lord.

Collections and individual donations may be forwarded to Rev. L. Hitchcock, D. D., at the Western Book Concern, 190 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, to Rev. T. Carlton, D. D., at the Book Concern in New York, No. 805 Broadway, and also to any of the Depositories of the Methodist Book Concern, East or West.

D. W. CLARK,
L. HITCHCOCK,
I. W. WILEY,
M. B. HAGANS,
S. M. MERRILL,
J. M. WALDEN,
R. S. RUST,
J. F. LARKIN.

To the Pastors of the several Churches: —

N. B. DEAR BROTHER: — Comparatively few of those who assemble in our congregations will see this appeal in its present form. I, therefore, respectfully request you to read it from your pulpit, and then allow a collection to be taken for the cause. If it can be done immediately, the aid it brings will be all the more opportune and efficient.

D. W. CLARK.

Lay Delegation.

I wish to review some of the arguments of Bishop Simpson and others in regard to Lay Delegation. 1st. It is said we are not democratic in our government as a Church. I answer, that the nature of our government is as democratic as our national, State, or city governments. No citizen or voter, as such simply, has any right or legal power to make any United States, State, or city law. A legal voter can vote for mayor, aldermen, and common councilmen, and they, and they only can make the laws for the city. Legal voters can vote for representatives and senators, who, when elected, make the legislature of the State when organized, and they, and they only, are authorized to make the State laws. Legal voters in the State, by a similar process, elect men as representatives to the Congress of the United States, and the State senators and representatives, and only they, elect the United States senators, and these men make the United States laws. Now no member of our Church, as such simply, can make any law for our Church, but he can elect a person to do it for him, just as he can in the cases referred to above.

It should be remembered also, that no person can be a law-maker in our Church without the vote of the laity making him eligible, as all ministers, except the few that come to us from other churches, are elected to office by them, and no one can be a member of an annual Conference, except by a vote of some quarterly Conference, which is mostly composed of the lay members. The Annual Conferences choose delegates from their number to act in General Conference, as our State legislatures choose senators to act in Congress. I do not say that in everything, as a church, we act just as a city, State, or the General Government does, but I do say that the government of the M. E. Church, is as democratic as the civil governments of our land, and hence we cannot ask for a change on the ground of unlikeness to them. 2d. The next reason for Lay Delegation that I notice is, that other churches have it. If this proves anything, it proves too much. If we ought to change to be like others, or because others have it and consequently legislate differently, — it is not claimed that they are more successful in "spreading scriptural holiness" through these lands, — then we ought to prevent the sisters from speaking in meeting, discontinue the practice of keeping members on probation for six months, do away with the Presiding Elder's office, abolish the episcopacy, and the itinerancy — that is what some of the leaders in Lay Delegation desire, I think, — and adopt "close baptism," and "close communion," and the idea that none are true ministers but ours, and that ours is the only true Church, etc. etc. — what a revolutionary work is before us to be consistent, and like others. 3d. The Bishops, or most of them, are in favor of Lay Delegation, and that is held up as a reason why we should have it. This also proves too much, if it proves what is claimed. It comes too near the argument of the Papists in regard to the wisdom of the Pope and the priests. It makes the opinion of a very small number the safe criterion for the vast masses to act by; it is like the old political jugglery that hoisted, when I was a boy, "Pennsylvania has gone Democratic," and so you should all be Loco Focos; or the more recent claim, that because Lee, Stephens, Beauregard, and Davis were talented and in high position, that consequently they were right, and must succeed in their plans of traitorism; or, that because a few great men pronounced the war for the Union a failure, it must be so; or, still further, as England and France desired the success of the Rebels, they ought to succeed. The measure should be judged by its merits, and not by the opinions of the Bishops, or of a few editors. With all proper respect for the Bishops, looking at their action in the past regarding changes in our Church, I should not be as ready to vote with them as against them. When has any Bishop taken the lead in any moral reform question in our Church? As they were so quiet in regard to

the change relating to slaveholding, I think they might with great propriety refuse to be leaders in a revolution where morals are not at issue; especially as they are not appointed to office to "mend our rules, but to keep them." How can they exhort candidates for ordination and admission to Conference after this, respecting keeping our rules?

4th. It is said we shall be more successful if we adopt Lay Delegation. It seems strange that intelligent men should make this assertion. Where is the Church with Lay Delegation that has succeeded as well as we have? Some of our old standard works declare that to assume that to be a fact, which needs to be proved, is "begging the question," and that he who resorts to that way of arguing a cause, shows the weakness of his case. To have expressed a hope, or a probability, would have been modest, but to express that as certain to be realized that is not provable, sounds too much like braggadocio. The effect of Bishop Simpson's speech in Boston, as reported in THE HERALD, proves to me, more conclusively than ever, how easily men can be "bamboozled," as the great Irish orator, O'Connell, declared his audience to have been, as he addressed them in regard to the repeal of the Corn Laws. In remarking upon "Let well enough alone," as used by those opposed to Lay Delegation, the Bishop said the opposers of Lay Delegation were like those who did not wish the present mode of communicating and travel by steam and lightning, substituted for the post coach, etc. The beautiful illustrations and language of the Bishop, in this case also, proved too much in its application, for it proved a fact to be a falsity. Common history, statistics, and every-day knowledge declares us to have been, as a Church, the most successful of all the Protestant denominations in this country, and yet, if the Bishop's reasoning and illustrations are to be relied upon, they prove us as much behind other denominations as the U. S. mail facilities and the sailing craft are behind the inventions of Morse and Fitch in the use of steam and lightning. I consider this part of the Bishop's speech something like the talk of the spiritists in regard to the apparent supernatural phenomena that are connected with their exhibitions. I admit there are some startling facts which they offer as proof that they are right in their belief, but they do not prove to me that the Bible is not what the Church claims it to be, or that "whatsoever is, is right." I believe that communication by the modern mode of telegraphing is more speedy than by mail, and that transportation by steam is the faster way to hurl matter from place to place, but that the adoption of Lay Delegation by our Church will make her more potent for good, remains to be proved.

5th. The next statement of the Bishop that I dissent from, is, that Lay Delegation "will prevent hasty legislation." When I first read that part of the Bishop's speech, I took him to be in sober earnest, but as I conversed with a friend about it, he said "the Bishop said that ironically," and then I read it again, and still adhere to my first impression. Now this sounds very strange to me. If we have had hasty legislation, and have frequently had to repeal bad laws, then this reason would be a valid one, provided it could be proved that men in the laity are wiser and cooler-headed, as a body, than those in the ministry. Our law-making body passed a vote censuring certain brethren for certain acts of theirs in regard to making "slavery odious," and after more than twenty years they repealed that vote. If they were hasty in the first vote, it probably pleased Bishop Hedding, but in the last vote they waited long enough to suit even Bishop Simpson. It is well known that real Christianity, especially Methodist Christianity, had long been desirous of ridding the Church from all complicity with slavery, but we were only able to do it after the "slaveholders' rebellion" had made it a civil as well as religious, or ecclesiastical crime to hold a human being as a chattel. Even Bishop Baker signed the Pastoral Address, which was considered by many as a brake against the wheel of moral reform in the Church, without even a protest, though he was made a Bishop by the Anti-slavery wing of the General Conference. It is a significant fact also, that Rev. Abel Stevens, one of the most earnest Lay Delegationists, was one of the strongest opposers of a change in our general rules which would exclude slaveholders from the Church; and the Methodist, a rebel sheet, brought into existence, in the opinion of many, mainly for the purpose of opposing that change, and gratifying the spite of the friends of a disappointed office-seeker who had betrayed his trust, should be, and has been the leading and most unscrupulous advocate of Lay Delegation. A change where the deepest of morals was in the issue, was opposed to the glorious end by these persons, while a measure of doubtful expediency, and only asked for by less than one in six of the Church, is demanded, or has been, with threatening and doleful prophecies, and charging those who may not vote for Lay Delegation, but against it, as cheating the people, and as faithless priests, etc., etc.

6th. Bishop Simpson's attempt to make the argument in regard to the expense of Lay Delegation appear small, or trifling, demands a little attention. He told the great Boston audience that it would not cost but four fifths of a cent per member, to pay the expenses of the Lay Delegates; and according to the report in THE HERALD, they seemed to think it a mean and covetous affair, that would make an objection to a measure because it would cost each member but four fifths of a cent once in four years to support it. Was that a fair and candid way of enlightening the people, or was it like the arguments of unprincipled lawyers and politicians? The last census of our Church, taken about a year ago, made our whole membership about (1,300,000) one million three hundred thousand. Add fifty thousand to that, — a reasonable estimate, — for the gain since, and we have 1,350,000. Four fifths of a cent per member, as a tax on this number, will make the handsome and much

needed sum of ten thousand dollars. This would support a number of missionaries in their work for a whole year. It would buy more than thirty thousand Bibles for those that are "in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity," and it would put more than a hundred thousand copies of the New Testament into the hands of, or accessible to at least three times that number of untaught beings, hastening on to an eternity of misery. But is this all of the expense? Dr. Franklin, the American Solomon, has said "time is money." Suppose the time consumed by the General Conference to be only forty days—hardly a supposable case in view of the increase of numbers and the disagreements that would exist between the laity and clergy, how much is that time worth? None but first-class men ought to be sent. Where they are salaried, they receive at least from five to ten dollars per day. Take the lowest sum and how much does it amount to? Admit there will only be 125 Lay Delegates to commence with, saying nothing about the increase, and you have twenty-five thousand dollars worth of time used up. Add to these sums the expense of boarding them, for they must live, say fifty dollars more per member, and you have an aggregate of over forty thousand dollars. I have said nothing about many other expenses that would grow out of the adoption of Lay Delegation which might be named, enough to make the sum of at least fifty thousand dollars. How does that sound as we utter it against the fraction of four fifths of a cent? How many of the men that stand ready to enter the gospel field would it provide with means, and lead them to say, with holy enthusiasm and self-sacrificing devotion,—

"Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds your canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion
Far in heathen lands to dwell!"

And to how many that are ready to perish for lack of knowledge would it send the word of life? I dislike his mode of presenting deceptive items without giving us also the startling aggregates. The devil argued in a similar manner, probably, with Mother Eve, and Eve with Adam, till the result is, "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together." It was only a little fire-cracker that cost less than four fifths of a cent that laid the city of Portland in ruins. It rained once upon the earth, drop after drop, until man, beast, and fowl were all destroyed, except what God shut up in the Ark and saved. Shall it be said that less than one sixth of the Church demanded the expenditure of over fifty thousand dollars once in four years to gratify some clamorous spirits among us, seeking for office or notoriety, and it was done? Forbid it, my Lord; forbid it, ye that have the power of making a "dead lock."

Other reasons have been given for the adoption of Lay Delegation, but I have not seen one that appears to me valid. If any among us are dissatisfied with our way of doing things, they are at liberty to go elsewhere. If they have lost caste among us by being treacherous, let them repent as all sinners must, or never reach heaven, and not be troublers of Israel any longer. Finally, one of the results of Lay Delegation, if adopted, is presented for your godly consideration, namely, a very small minority, at most only two to a Conference, can prevent all legislation by the General Conference. Are you willing, my brethren, to confer such power upon so small a number? I hope not. The "dead lock" which Dr. Whedon so much fears, is nothing compared to this. The laity have power enough now. Already the prominent stations and circuits make their selection of preachers, and the Bishops simply ratify the arrangement. Adopt Lay Delegation, and the next step will probably be to do away with the episcopacy, virtually at least, as it is now in some of the charges, and also any limits in regard to the time of occupying stations by the preachers, and to cap the climax the Lay Delegationists must have a seat in the cabinet to assist in making out those appointments that have not been decided upon before the meeting of the Conferences. Why not? If it is necessary to have the superior wisdom and patience of the laity to make and alter the laws, and dispose of the funds of the Church, it seems to me that they will think it necessary for them to assist in assigning the preachers to their fields of labor. In conclusion, it was said, when the question was submitted to the people before, and a majority was against it, that the smallness of the vote made it of no authority. If that argument was valid then, it is now, for not one in six of the Church have asked for it, and deducting three fifths for the votes of the women, which is the acknowledged proportion of females in our membership, and we have less than one in twelve voting for the measure. Why, with all the facts before them, brethren of intelligence, and piety, and general good sense can be so strenuous and determined to succeed in this matter is a mystery to me, and why they declare that ministers and people will be so much better off by adopting Lay Delegation, when they know that thousands of churches governed in that manner are without pastors to feed the flocks bleating from their folds, and thousands of ministers are idlers in the market-place, because no man hath hired them, is equally strange. It looks like the terrible infatuation that moved the people of the South to acts of rebellion. It was a small affair, in itself considered, to vote as Jefferson Davis did, that resistance to the authority of the United States was a virtue, and to proscribe and threaten those who did not agree with him and his friends; but ruined fortunes, blasted hopes, untimely deaths, and dishonored graves, with the piteous moans of unnumbered widows and orphans, declare that it was not small nor right. I do not say, "Let well enough alone," for we have not done as well as we might, but don't let us change, brethren, till we are sure we shall be better off.

L. D. BENTLEY.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDS.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

TIME TO CUT WOOD.—The question as to what is the best age to cut off a growth of wood to have it pay the best, is often discussed, and we find there is among good judges quite a diversity of opinion. Some contend that an oak growth should not be allowed to stand more than twenty-five years. Others say thirty or thirty-five years. Still others do actually let their wood stand forty or fifty years. Now it certainly cannot be profitable to let it stand so long as some do, and we firmly believe that for profit, it should be cut when twenty-five years old, and on no account be allowed to stand over thirty years. The last named time will give quite a heavy growth of white pine. We once sold, at auction, a lot of pine wood of thirty-five years growth, for one hundred dollars per acre. When the growth is hard wood, the stumps sprout much better if the wood is cut off frequently. It is a well known fact that the stumps of very old growth do not throw up sprouts at all, so that if one desires to have the land remain in wood it must be cut off early. An old gentleman who owned a large number of acres of woodland, said he never would let wood stand more than twenty-five years, and he cut from some of his land at least two crops of wood within a half century. If the growth is wanted for timber, why of course it must stand longer, say forty years or more, but few of us are willing to wait so long, even if it should promise to pay well. Will some of our readers, owners of wood lots, give us the result of their experience?

THE NECESSITY AND PROFIT OF KEEPING SHEEP.—C. L. Flint, esq., Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in his address at Martha's Vineyard Fair, spoke as follows on the above subjects:—"He did not mean to imply that sheep husbandry may not be made equally profitable, when followed intelligently as a special object of attention. It has its ups and downs, like any other special pursuit, but in the long run it may be made as profitable as any other branch of farming. And, indeed, where grain growing is adopted as a leading pursuit, as it often is at the West, it becomes almost necessary to unite sheep husbandry with it as another permanent interest."

"Sheep husbandry, intelligently followed, may be made to keep up the fertility of a farm, that is constantly liable to exhaustion by the continual growth and sale of grain. Sheep, also, can be made to work up the surplus straw on the farm, which should go into the sheep-yard, to be trodden down into a rich and very valuable manure. In England, a country that offers us many valuable lessons in progressive agriculture, it is considered an important and essential element in an improved system of farming. Work it up into manure, therefore, and apply it to the corn-rows. By means of sheep or well selected cattle, you can maintain the fertility of your lands, and, indeed, increase their productivity."

The Righteous Dead.

REV. ALFRED M. FISHER, Attornev, Me., took his departure from the Church militant for the Church triumphant Oct. 29, 1869, aged 29 years. Bro. Fisher was converted at the Windsor Camp-meeting in September, 1868. Soon after, he was convinced that it was his duty to watch for souls, and alarm them of impending danger. He immediately commenced work for the Master, and all his labors were greatly blessed. His crown is not a starless one. South Vassalboro', Georgetown, Westport, and adjoining islands, together with his own native town, will contribute stars to deck the crown of his rejoicing. He was a firm believer in holiness, and enjoyed the blessing for months before he departed.

A few days previous to his death, while his family and friends gathered around him, he quietly settled all his earthly concerns, gave up all earthly ties, and then exclaimed, "I sweetly rest in Jesus." From then till the hour of his triumphant ascension, even when disease was detaching the mind, and he had become unconscious of the presence of friends, he would frequently be heard to express confidence in Jesus. "Glory! glory!" were among his last expressions. From anticipated glory, he has entered actual glory. He leaves a wife, two children, and a fond mother, who feel deeply his loss.

Died, Dec. 17, 1869, at the residence of Hon. E. F. Porter, in East Boston. HENRY LOWIE, wife of Rev. William A. Nottage, aged 23 years and 6 months.

At the age of 15 years she was left an orphan, without brother or sister, and without a home, or means of support. At this time she was received into the family of Bro. Porter, and shared in it, over after the care and affection of an own daughter. By a thorough course of study at the Wesleyan Academy, she qualified herself for a high position as teacher, and for two years pursued the vocation with marked success. Eight years since, under the pastoral care of Rev. William C. High, she became a disciple of Christ, and a member of the Meridian Street M. E. Church. Here she enjoyed universal confidence, and was held in high esteem for her uniform piety, amiability, and Christian culture.

On the 22d of April last, her marriage was solemnized by Rev. William C. High, assisted by the writer, in the Meridian Street Church, where she was a member. She was united to a young man of noble character, and of her new life, with no thought that so soon would her bridal robe be exchanged for the habiliments of the grave. But ere the bridal wreath had withered, symptoms of pulmonary disease appeared, and soon told that she was "fading as the leaf."

A few weeks before her death, she returned from her husband's charge, in Westboro', to her adopted home, to await her approaching summons to the other world. With a strong purpose, and high hope of usefulness, had she accepted the hand of one of Christ's ambassadors; but with equal submission and cheerfulness did she now accept the sudden reversal of her plans. No murmur escaped her lips; no rejoicing was seen on her brow. She felt humbled by a sense of unworthiness, as she reviewed her life, but looking to Christ, felt herself "complete in Him," and, leaning upon His arm, she triumphed calmly over the torture of disease, and the menace of death. Her last hours were made memorable by her rapturous communion with God. So certain became her expressions, and so sensible the halo about her visage, that the chamber of death seemed one of transfiguration, and the heart-broken husband to say, through his tears, "It is the sublimest day of my life." As death approached, she began to repeat, "To an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that passeth not away, reserved."—Then pausing, and with a look as if already conscious of the "eternal weight of glory," exclaimed, "O, Jesus is coming! He is coming! He is His Home!" who is coming?—shortly after, she was called to presence, and the released spirit rose, we doubt not, to Abraham's bosom. God succor the young husband, the light of whose earthly home and hopes has been so soon extinguished.

JAN. 16, 1870.

Died, in Grantham, N. H., Dec. 20, 1869, of congestion of the lungs, Sister LYDIA FRY, wife of Bro. David Fry, in the 70th year of her age. The subject of this notice gave herself to the service of her Master in an early life, and united with the M. E. Church in Grantham, of which she was an honored member at the time of her death. Her unwavering faith and confidence in God, which shone forth with unabated strength and vigor, amid the trying responsibilities of domestic, social, and religious life, are evidences the most satisfactory that the sacrifice first made was full and complete. She was an affectionate and trustworthy companion. Her position in the family that of a stepmother—over which she was called to preside, was filled in a manner highly creditable to her Christian character, and did not fail to insure to herself the warm affection of the children of

the household, as well as that of the entire domestic circle in which she moved. She can be scarcely less missed by the people of God, with whom she has been for so many years associated, and among whom she has so often appeared. Having been highly favored with good health up to the time of her last sickness, she was wont to appropriate the rich blessing to the best possible end, the promotion of the interests of Zion by a faithful attendance at the house of God, and her ever ready testimony for Jesus. In short, by the decease of Sister Fry, an affectionate wife, mother, and sister, and faithful friend to the cause of our Saviour, has gone to rest. Her sickness was short and distressing, allowing but little chance for conversation; yet when the name of Jesus was mentioned, her countenance would brighten with a smile of joy, clearly evincing that her trust was in Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

W. H. KATHMAN.

Died, in Portland, Me., Nov. 20, Widow SARAH BOUNDS, aged 66 years; Nov. 20, Miss EUNICE W. WHITNEY, aged 45 years; Dec. 15, BENJAMIN MARBLE, aged 63 years,—all members of Pine Street Church.

Sister BOUNDS early gave her heart to God, was baptized in 1823, and joined Chestnut Street during the ministry of Rev. H. Wiley. In 1844, she connected herself with Pine Street. What worthier record than that she lived a consistent Christian life? Her last years were full of intense bodily pain, but full of peace. She waited patiently, willing "to bide her time," yet longing for home. And she calmly entered into rest.

Sister WHITNEY was also converted at an early age. To do the bidding of the Master, was her constant joy. For a long time she was a faithful teacher in the Sunday school, sowing the good seed deep in the hearts of the rich fruit still appears among us. "She hath done what she could," is her life record. In sickness Christ was near, and faith trembled not as the change approached.

Bro. MARBLE found Christ at the age of fourteen. Through all the years, Sister GAMMILL was for many years a most worthy member of Bromfield Street Church, Boston. It was her privilege to be an active worker in the Church she loved, but her lot was rather to suffer the will of the Master. For more than forty years did she suffer, and at times beyond the power of words to express. Some twenty years ago, blindness, produced by rheumatism and rheumatic pains, was added to all that she had before endured. And yet she murmured not, and bore the trial as an example of patience, suffering, of cheerfulness, of unclouded hope, and rich Christian experience, such as is rarely seen.

She belonged to the sturdy race of the olden time, and seemed to possess that type of character that so distinguished our Revolutionary ancestors. Her father was one that helped to throw the tea into Boston Harbor, and the daughter inherited much of the strength of character thus exhibited. Many are the lessons that have been learned at her bedside, by those who were permitted to visit her. She always met her friends with a smile, and exhibited, in a wonderful manner, the power of sustaining grace. A few days before her death, she gave her experience to her pastor in the following lines:—

R. SANDERSON.

Portland, Jan. 14, 1870.

GIBSON W. BRAY, of Rockport, Mass., after patiently suffering for many weary months God's will in his sickness, passed from earth's sorrows to heaven's joys, Dec. 23, 1869, aged 66 years and 10 months.

Being a Wesleyan in church connection, he maintained his Christian integrity unimpaired, and ever brightening to the last. He loved the communion of saints; and whilst visiting him, just prior to his death, I found him confidently trusting in Christ Jesus the Lord, awaiting his departure with hope of a brighter beyond. He leaves two daughters,—his wife having preceded him to the better land.

WM. D. DRAKE.

"When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!"

Died, in Stoughton, Jan. 15, of pleuro-pneumonia, Mrs. NANCY, wife of Russell Drake, aged 61 years.

Sister DRAKE was one of the early members of this Society, lived a consistent Christian, and during her distressing illness of five days, furnished a remarkable illustration of the sustaining grace of God in the midst of great bodily pain, finding sweet delight in prayer and praise, in which she often joined almost up to her triumphant departure.

A. W. PAUSE.

SARAH GAMMILL died in Chelsea, Dec. 27, 1869, in her 71st year. Sister GAMMILL was for many years a most worthy member of Bromfield Street Church, Boston. It was her privilege to be an active worker in the Church she loved, but her lot was rather to suffer the will of the Master. For more than forty years did she suffer, and at times beyond the power of words to express. Some twenty years ago, blindness, produced by rheumatism and rheumatic pains, was added to all that she had before endured. And yet she murmured not, and bore the trial as an example of patience, suffering, of cheerfulness, of unclouded hope, and rich Christian experience, such as is rarely seen.

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G.

"My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him."

She died as she had lived, and her last words were, "I'm dying; I'm almost home."

Dec. 30, JOHNSON GRANT, a happy new convert, who, during his sickness, gave his name on probation, died in this charge, aged 22 years and 1 month.

But about one and a half years since, with fair prospects of continued life and happiness, he was married to a woman who was not a Christian. He early fell from earth. His health in early spring was so precarious, that it was necessary to relinquish his labor; and he sought to recruit his health by a journey to Winterville, his native town, in Maine. But change of place, or medical efforts, could not stay the advance of consumption, which had taken firm hold of him. Soon after his return to us, he earnestly sought and obtained a clear evidence of God's pardoning love. His conviction and sense of sin were deep, but the prayer of faith prevailed. He remained clear in his evidence, and remarkably happy in his Christian experience. Several times, on my visiting him, he would say, "O, how I have wanted to see you, to tell you how happy I am!" With great patience and Christian resignation he endured through his sickness, till the Master called him where "sickness, pain, and death are felt and feared no more."

S. KELLEY.

Quincy Point, Jan. 16, 1870.

In Ryfield, Mass., at the house of her aunt, LUCY ABNER JEWETT, aged 29 years.

Some years since, Sister Jewett made the Lord her "refuge and strength," and He did not forsake her in the time of her greatest need of Him. During her entire sickness, grace enabled her to say, "Through I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

C. A. MERRILL.

Died, in Ipswich, Mass., Dec. 27, 1869, BENJAMIN FAWCET, aged 81 years.

The Saviour, whom he embraced in early life, did not forsake him in his old age, but was very precious to him as he drew near the grave. With confidence he spoke of his hope of dwelling with Christ in heaven, which was far better than to remain an inhabitant of earth.

C. A. MERRILL.

CARRIE I. DYER, beloved wife of Walter J. Dyer, and only daughter of Capt. Hiram and Elizabeth Taylor, was born in Chatham, Mass., Sept. 12, 1847, and died in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 10, 1870, aged 22 years, 3 months, and 29 days.

"Her soul is gone down while it was yet day." Seldom, indeed, are we called upon to record the death of a young person so universally lamented as the subject of this brief memoir. On the 10th of October, 1868, she stood, with her chosen one, at the bridal altar, receiving the congratulations of her numerous friends, and anticipating a long and happy life. Now she is numbered with the dead. She lived only three years and three months to bless her devoted husband with her smiles and prayers. As a daughter, Sister Dyer was obedient and faithful, ever bringing pleasure to her parents' hearts; as a sister, she was thoughtful and kind; as a wife, affectionate, tender, and devoted; and as a friend, constant and true. Her religious experience began before she was fifteen years of age. During a revival of religion in her native town, her young heart was touched by the Holy Spirit, and she was made to feel her need of salvation.

One evening, after attending service in the church, she returned home, and spent the night in weeping and groaning after God; and as the darkness came away, and the morning light broke upon her, the Sun of Righteousness shined in her soul, and her sadness was turned into joy. From that time, until her death, she lived to show forth the praise of Him who called her out of darkness into His marvelous light. The gayeties and amusements of the world had no charms for her; possessed of superior natural powers of mind, and having had those powers disciplined and developed by a thorough education, she employed them in studying the Bible, and such other books as tend to the knowledge and love of God. Her last illness was short, but severe. For two days before her death, her sufferings were intense; but no murmur escaped her lips. Perfect resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father characterized her last words. She had much to endure here to earth—a young and faithful husband, an infant babe,—her first-born,—a father, and brothers distant from her, whom she longed to see before her departure; but the religion she loved and practiced in health sustained her in sickness, and in death enabled her to give up all, and cheerfully answer the summons to depart and be with Christ. In the death of Sister Dyer, the M. E. Church has lost a young, but valued member.

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The Secular World.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

Prince Arthur visited the President and both Houses of Congress on the 24th, and in the evening there was a dinner party and reception in his honor at the residence of the English minister. The Prince visited the Washington Navy Yard on the 26th, and was received by the companies of marines drawn up for the purpose, and with a salute of twenty-one guns. The party were received by Admiral Dahlgren, Secretary Robeson, members of both houses of Congress and the Committee on Naval Affairs. After visiting the various points of interest the Admiral entertained the guests at his private quarters. The President entertained the Prince and others at a dinner in the evening. The room was hung with evergreens and festooned with international American and English flags. Minor K. Kellogg's portrait of Queen Victoria was tendered by him for the occasion, and hung on the wall facing the Prince.

The funeral fleet with the remains of George Peabody arrived in Portland on the 25th. The fleet consists of two ships of war, the Monarch and the Plymouth, the former an iron-clad of the largest size. They were joined, shortly after their arrival, by the United States monitors, Miantonomah and Terror, which left Boston last week, to take part in the solemn and interesting occasion. In accordance with the instructions of the British Government to Captain Commerell of the Monarch, the body lay in state on board his vessel for two days after reaching Portland.

A great battle with Indians has been fought and won by the United States troops in Montana. Nearly two hundred Indians were killed and an immense amount of their property destroyed.

Gen. Canby has ordered the dissolution of the military commission under the Reconstruction Act, in Virginia.

Iowa has ratified the 15th Amendment.

California rejects the 15th Amendment by a large vote.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A false alarm of fire, Sunday, January 23d, in a church in Liverpool, caused a panic which resulted in the trampling to death of sixteen persons and the serious injury of many more.

The British Parliament meets on the 8th.

A great meeting was held in the Mansion House, London, on the evening of the 26th, to promote immigration to Canada and other British Colonies.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* states that negotiations on the Alabama claims question have been suspended.

The last estates of George Peabody, which were lately seized by the officers of the Crown, have been released by order of the government.

The cotton spinners at Wigan, Lancaster, are on a strike. Three thousand hands are idle.

FRANCE.

Want of harmony on the commercial treaty question is likely to break up the French cabinet.

A new cable has been laid from Brest to London.

There is to be no reduction in the French army this year.

The Papal authorities have forbidden the publication by the Bishop of Orleans of the letter written by him to the Archbishop of Malines, in which it is supposed the Bishop commits himself decidedly against the dogma of infallibility.

Ledru Rollin has refused to act as the counsel of the Noir family, being unwilling to recognize the imperial judges.

M. Pascal Groussat and Rochefort, have been sentenced to six months imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs.

SPAIN.

The Duke of Montpensier has been elected Deputy to the Constituent Cortes from the city of Oviedo.

At the recent election, the monarchists polled five-sevenths of the popular vote.

ROME.

The Archbishop of Vera Cruz is dead. The Pope was reported dead last week; but it was a false rumor; he has a bad cold only. The Archbishop of Algiers has been sent to Paris, to ascertain how the Emperor stands in relation to the infallibility question.

HAYTI.

Salnave, who has been so long disturbing Hayti, was recently tried and executed.

NEWS NOTES.—The Saxony Diet has adopted a motion in favor of disarmament.—The League Island Navy Yard bill was killed for this session in the United States House of Representatives, by being laid on the table on motion of Mr. Dawes.—General Terry's military commission has decided three members of the Georgia House of Representatives ineligible. The House met on the 26th and organized by choosing a radical Republican Speaker, by 24 majority over Bryant.—A sharp shock of earthquake occurred at San Bernardino, Cal., on the 14th inst.—Traupmann, the Paris murderer, was executed last week.—A lady, Mrs. Grant, belonging in Newton Corner, was run over by the cars in the Boston and Albany depot last week. Her legs were severed, and she died in a few hours. A terrible warning to those who are impatient to get off the trains.

GOSSIPGRAPHS.

—The Treasury Department has now about \$53,000,000 in coin on hand, and \$50,000,000 more in gold certificates. The currency balance has been drawn down to about \$7,000,000, though there is a considerable sum in the vaults which has been passed to the credit of various disbursing officers. The receipts so far this month have been rather light, and requisitions from the other departments comparatively heavy.

—Lord Wilton, in his "British Sports and Pastimes," quoted this advertisement, which actually appeared in a Paris paper:—

"WANTED, A NURSE.—The Signora Marchese Siffanei di San Bartolomei is in want of a young, healthy wet nurse. Her services will be required for a small litter of English spaniels, thoroughbred, the maternal parent having died while giving them birth. Nurse to reside in the house. Wages 100 francs per month. Chocolate in the morning; breakfast with the marchese, dine with the servants, and sleep with the dogs."

—The shipping owned in St. John, New Brunswick, represents a capital of \$8,000,000.

—A Michigan wife lately told her husband that he didn't suit, and he left unconcernedly, like a hired man no longer wanted.

—An enterprising resident of Honolulu, imported a cargo of the Malaysian swamp snakes for the purpose of ridding the rice-fields of rats; but the Kanaka authorities, fearing the coming of the serpent-devil, who tempted Eve, into his happy island, compelled the owner to throw all his snakes into the Honolulu harbor.

—The Woman Question—"Can you let me have \$20 this morning?"

—A German poet has translated Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," but as "sechs hundert" has no rhymes in the German, he has taken the liberty of increasing the number to one thousand, "tausend" admitting of several rhymes.

—A Missouri editor asks his readers to excuse the looks of his paper, as he is in bed from the effects of a fight with a delinquent subscriber. This, be it remembered, is not a frequent occurrence with editors.

—Venus (we mean the planet) was distinctly visible at 4 past 3 o'clock, on the afternoon of the 21st. She is now nearest the earth, being in her perigee, and is a magnificent object in the early evening.

—A New Orleans merchant killed himself because his wife kissed another man by mistake. The fools are not all dead yet, but there's one less.

FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

At a public audience of the Pope, in came an American lady. She got an armful of roses blessed. "Is that all?" said the chief of Catholicity, patiently. "Your photograph, Holy Father, I beg!" "Here it is. What more do you want?" "Your name at the foot of the *carte*." Plus IX hesitated. He did not like it, but the spirit of sacrifice came to his aid—he resigned himself; he signed the card. "Have you another favor to ask?" "Holy Father, give me the pen with which you wrote your autograph." This time the excellent old man lost all patience. "Here, madam, take the penholder, and—take the inkstand also." The American lady (continues our French authority) wrapped all up in an old newspaper, opened her travelling-bag, put in the spoil, and departed with a low courtesy.

A Philadelphia publican missed money from his till. Every means was employed in vain for the discovery of the thief. He slept alone in his bar-room one night undisturbed, but in the morning every bit of paper money was gone from the drawer. At length the drawer was removed. In one corner a hole was found just big enough for the entrance of a mouse. For years the little creature had been renewing the lining of their nest with national currency of every small denomination. The quantity recovered filled a cigar-box. It was cut virtually into paper down, and amounted in the aggregate to several hundred dollars. If all the mice in the country would do likewise, the national debt would be perceptibly diminished, and bar-rooms would be the most appropriate field of action they could find.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKETS.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

THURSDAY, Jan. 23, 1870.

GOLD.—\$1.22.
FLOUR.—Superfine, \$4.25 to 4.75; extra, \$5.75 to 6; Michigan, \$7.00 to 8.50; St. Louis, \$7 to 10.00.
NEW CORN.—90c. to —; mixed, \$1.08 to \$1.18; yellow, \$1.12 to 1.20.
OATS.—60 to 65c.
RICE.—04d, \$1.15.
SUGAR.—Timothy, \$4.75; Red Top, \$3.50 to 3.75 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$2.50 to 3.00 per bushel; Clover, 14 to 15c. per lb.
APPLES.—Per barrel, \$4.00 to 5.00.
ONIONS.—\$4.50 to 5.00 per barrel.
PORK.—\$24.00 to 25.00; Lard, 18 to 19c.; Hams, 17c.
BUTTER.—82 to 84c.; choice Dairies, 35 to 40c.
CHEESE.—Factory, 17 to 18c.; Dairy, 16 to 17c.
EGGS.—32 to 34c.
DRIED APPLES.—(Southern), 8c. to 15c.
HAY.—\$16.00 to 24.00 per ton, per cargo; \$24.00 to 28.00 per ton per ear load.
POTATOES.—\$2.00 to 2.25, per barrel.
PEAS.—\$3.00 to \$25.00 per barrel.
CRANBERRIES.—\$8.00 to \$13.00 per barrel.
FATAL ORANGES.—\$3.50 per box.
SQUASHES.—Marrow, \$3.50 per cwt.; Hubbard, \$4.00 per cwt.
CARROTS.—\$1.50 per barrel.
BEETS.—\$1.25 per bbl.
CABBAGE.—\$1.25 per bbl.
REMARKS.—New Corn is sold at 90c., reduced 10 cents since last week. Oats inclined to drop. Flour quiet, certain brands that have arrived freely, are forced at reduced figures. Pork ranges \$2 per barrel lower. Butter firm for choice grades. Ordinary quiet and depressed. Eggs continue to decline. Beans dull.

Marriages.

In West Roxbury, Jan. 27, by Rev. Daniel Richards, George Strong, esq., of Omaha, Nebraska, to Miss Julia A. Winslow, of West Roxbury.
In North Andover, Mass., Jan. 1, by Rev. J. B. Washburn, Mr. John A. Frame to Miss Fidelia F. Whitten, both of North Bridgewater.
In Gloucester, Dec. 27, by Rev. A. F. Herriek, Cornelius Brooks to Frances Ann Cook, Jan. 10, Wm. H. Henderson to Jane Gohett, Jan. 11, H. Mackay Coffin to Grace E. Wesson, both of East Gloucester.
In Farmington, Me., Jan. 24, by Rev. A. R. Sylvester, Peter R. Tufts, esq., to Mrs. Louisa S. Parker, both of Farmington.
At the public house, at Douglas Corners, Wis., Jan. 19, by Rev. Nathaniel Critchett, of Big Foot, Ill., Mr. James W. Manning to Miss Elsie J. Brande, formerly of Berkshire Co., N. Y.
In Boston, Jan. 20, by Rev. L. T. Townsend, Edwin A. Cleaveland to Miss Mary J. Simpson, both of Boston.
At noon, Jan. 27, by Rev. Charles W. Cushing, at the home of the bride, Arthur M. Evans, of Chelsea, to Miss Helen G. Parker, daughter of Rev. Dr. Parker, of Chelsea.
In Medford, Jan. 26, by Rev. N. T. Whitaker, at the residence of Mr. James Taylor, George G. Stone, of Boston, to Miss Fanny H. Dunlap, of Medford, formerly of Liverpool, N. S.
In Oakham, Jan. 23, by Rev. F. T. George, Job G. Lawton to Mrs. Mary E. Winter, all of Worcester.
In Ouellet, N. H., Dec. 25, by Rev. M. Sherman, Jacob A. Cook, of Middleton, to Miss Mary E. Horn, of Tuftonboro'; Jan. 15, John W. White to Miss Sarah E. Morrow, both of Ouellet.
In Kennebunkport, Dec. 24, by Rev. D. Halleron, Daniel W. Goodwin to Ellen W. March, both of Kennebunkport.
In Baldwin, Me., Dec. 25, by Rev. S. F. Strent, George E. Reed, of Windham, to Miss Sarah A. Ricker, daughter of A. J. Ricker, esq., of Baldwin; Jan. 22, William S. Carter to Miss Ada E. Berry, both of Conway, N. H.
In Newbury, Jan. 17, by Rev. E. S. Haynes, John Kendrick to Miss Mary Barnes, both of Newbury.

Deaths.

At Forest Hills, Dec. 22, Ella S., only daughter of Gilman and Sophia K. Moniton, aged 10 years, 7 months, 13 days.
In Gloucester, Jan. 11, Carrie H. Marston, aged 19 years, 8 months.
In Gloucester, Jan. 21, Sophia B. West, aged 35 years. She suffered long—she died in peace.
In Newbury, Jan. 20, of congestion of the lungs, Mrs. Horace Morse, aged 44 years.
In Tuftonboro', N. H., Jan. 14, Isaac Dame. He would have been 80 years of age the 20th of January. Bro. Dame was converted about 1841 or 1842, and joined the Christian connection. He became a member of the M. E. Church about twenty years ago, of which he has ever since been an active and faithful member. He lived his religion. He was a kind, honest, benevolent, and peaceful man. The Church and town have met with a loss that will not soon be repaired.

OPALINE.—It has been found upon trial that nothing adds so much to the beauty, as a beautiful set of teeth. The use of the OPALINE never fails to whiten the teeth, giving them that lustre so like the opal itself—that brightness which every lover of beauty so much admires. Feb. 3, 1870.

Money Letters received from Jan. 22 to Jan. 29.
P. H. Andrew, B. S. Aray, Warren Applebee; A. Bail, A. Brigham, E. W. Baldwin, L. F. Blood, L. A. Bail, J. N. Bailey, L. A. Rosworth, J. W. F. Barnes, L. F. Bragg, R. C. Brown, D. F. Bragg, J. W. Bemis, Bailey & Noyes, B. E. Byrne, John E. Baxter, M. E. Bennett; M. E. Child, J. W. Oshidge, L. P. Cushman, B. W. Chase, A. Church; J. A. Downs, W. Draper, R. Downey; O. Elliott, H. East-

man; G. H. Foster, A. Folsom, H. M. Frohock, Geo. E. Fuller, J. Fawcett; C. H. Gule, G. H. Gilbert, A. C. Godfrey; J. Hawks, 2, E. H. Hatfield, J. Howson, H. T. Jones, A. Hale, S. P. Heath; J. W. P. Jordan, H. T. Jones; S. G. Kellogg; Geo. H. Lovejoy, N. G. Lippitt, D. Lewis, W. F. Lacouture; O. F. Mattison, A. Mason, F. A. Metcalf, L. M. Merrill, L. W. McConkie, E. McChesney, C. Morse, C. A. Merrill; D. Norris; A. Plummer, W. Phelps, A. M. Purdy, A. A. Presbury; S. E. Quimby; G. W. Ruland, F. H. Roberts, A. P. Rand, T. B. Rockwell; A. Sanderson, M. Sawyer, W. H. Starr, S. F. Strout, C. F. Stevens, E. W. Spencer, Geo. De B. Stoddard, M. Stockbridge, L. Sanborn; W. Turkington, A. D. Truax, C. W. Taylor; A. W. Waterhouse, R. C. Wright; P. Walker, S. J. Wheeler.

JAMES F. MAGGS, Agent, 5 Cornhill, Boston.

Methodist Book Repository.

Business Letters Received to Jan. 29.

Jacob Abbott, E. T. Adams, John Q. Adams, K. Alkinson, N. Andrews, F. C. Ayer, B. B. Byrne, Wm. L. Brown, 2, E. A. Berry, J. E. Baxter, J. W. F. Barnes, John Bean, Chris. Browning, E. E. Bradford, Wm. McK. Bray, O. A. Barrett, A. Baylies, Geo. N. Bryant; B. A. Chase, A. C. Conit, Sam'l Crawford, V. A. Cooper, Geo. C. Crawford, A. Canoll, Henry B. Cogg; Elias Dodge, G. W. Downes, D. S. Dexter, I. Downing, Rufus Day; Chas. H. Ewen, Walter Ela, A. C. Eggleston; H. C. Glover, C. H. Gule, D. H. Gray, E. Guilford, P. N. Granger; M. J. Haynes, J. Hawks, 2, C. D. Hills, H. Hiltcheck, John Howson, E. L. Hyde, S. P. Heath, E. A. Heimerhausen, Josiah Hooper, W. H. Hamblin; D. A. Jones, O. H. Jasper, J. H. James; S. G. Kellogg, W. T. Kimball; A. B. Lovewell, T. J. Leak, D. P. Leavitt; Horace Moulton; L. A. Nichols; S. W. Pierce, A. J. Pearse, W. G. Prescott, R. Parsons, N. P. Philbrick, Wm. Penicest; S. E. Quimby; Sam'l Roy, John Rice, R. E. Richardson; John H. Sawyer, J. D. Starr, E. Scott, J. P. Shedd, J. E. Short, W. H. Starr, M. Sawyer, J. F. Sheffield, 2, M. Sherman, Geo. De B. Stoddard, W. H. Smith; A. S. Townsend, F. P. Tompkins, C. P. Taplin; F. Upham, 2; G. G. Winslow, H. H. Wilder, A. W. Waterhouse, B. M. Walker; E. Hawkins, 2.

Acknowledgments.

Rev. Nathaniel Critchett and family acknowledge Christmas gifts from their friends of Alden and Big Foot, Ill., to the amount of \$50, \$75 of which was money packages.

The preachers, and other friends of the Readfield District, Me., will please accept my grateful acknowledgments of their kind consideration, manifested by a visit and substantial contribution made me at my house, the 18th inst. Geo. WESSON.

Rev. S. Amidon and wife gratefully acknowledge their obligations to the friends of Haddam Neck for the surprise, New Year's Eve, and receipt of \$67 for labor on the M. E. Church, which has been newly shingled and painted. Also, for the receipt of \$130, realized from a festival properly conducted by the young people.

Rev. N. Culver and wife gratefully acknowledge their obligations to their friends in Hill and vicinity, for a donation on Jan. 6, and Christmas gifts, amounting to \$110.

Rev. F. D. Chandler and wife render unto their numerous friends, thanks for the rich and costly gifts received during the year, and on Christmas. May the blessings of God rest upon them.

Rev. M. T. Cilley acknowledges a donation, on Christmas Eve, from the people of Sandwich, N. H., \$35, cash, and valuable presents sent, which increase the amount to \$110.

Rev. D. Halleron and wife are grateful to their friends in Kennebunkport for Christmas presents.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

New Bedford District Conference Meeting, Acushnet, Feb. 14-16.
Sandwich District Preachers' Meeting, Barnstable, Feb. 14-16.
Clarendon District Ministerial Association, Newport, N. H., Feb. 15.
Coxs Ministerial Association, Whitefield, Feb. 15.
Gardner Ministerial Association, Auburn, Feb. 16.
Portland District Ministerial Association, Biddeford, Feb. 14-16.
St. Johnsbury Preachers' Association, East Burke, Feb. 22-23.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.
February.—Salem, 25, 27, W. L. Brown; China, 26, 27, G. G. Winslow.
March.—Troy, 6, 6; Attowis, 12, 13, morning; Georgetown, 13, afternoon; Sheepscott Bridge, 19, 20, morning; Wiscasset, 20, afternoon; Hodgdon's Mills, 26, 27.
April.—Camden, 2, 3, morning; Rockport, 3, afternoon; Thomaston, 9, 10, morning; Rockland, 10, afternoon; Bristol, 10, 17; Dresden, 20, 24; East Pittston, 20, 24, by E. Davies; South Vassalboro', 30, May 1; North Vassalboro', 30, May 1, J. King.
May.—Clinton, 2, evening; North Vassalboro', 3, evening; Winslow, etc., 4, evening; Damariscotta, 7, 8, morning; Damariscotta Mills, 8, afternoon.
Damariscotta, Jan. 25, 1870. O. E. DUNN.

READFIELD DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

February.—New Sharon, 19, 20; Wilton, 26, 27.
March.—Strong, 5, 6; Phillips, 8, 9, m.; Farmington, 10, eve.; Solon, 12, 13; New Portland or Anson, 14 p. m.; Mercer, 19, 20; Livermore Falls, 26, 27.
April.—Wayne, 2, 3; Hallowell, 9, 10, a. m.; Augusta, 10, p. m.; N. Augusta, 11, p. m.; Kendall's Mills, 16, 17, a. m.; Waterville, 17, p. m.; Fairfield, 18, p. m.; Southway, 19, eve.; Winthrop, 23, 24; Kent's Hill, 30, May 1. Geo. WARREN.

THE NEW M. E. CHURCH IN ROCKLAND will be dedicated to the service of Almighty God on Wednesday, Feb. 2. Sermon by Prof. L. T. Townsend, of the Boston Theological Seminary. Services to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. GEORGE PRATT.

DEDICATION.—The M. E. Church at West Concord, Vt., St. Johnsbury District, will be dedicated Sunday, the 20th of February. Preaching by Bishop Simpson, D. D., at 11 o'clock A. M. Preaching by Rev. J. Luce, F. R., at 7 o'clock P. M. Friends from abroad are cordially invited to attend. S. B. CURRIER.

VERMONT CONFERENCE SEMINARY, MONTEPELIER, VT.—The Spring Term begins Feb. 28. S. F. CHESTER.

ZION'S HERALD.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—To the Friends of Total Abstinence and Prohibition in Massachusetts:—

The crisis demands strong, vigorous action. The friends of Total Abstinence and Prohibition need to meet for conference and decision. Old principles must be reaffirmed. Measures must be adopted to organize public opinion in favor of Prohibition, to preserve our law against demoralizing "modifications," and to give expression, by political action, to Temperance principles in harmony with the highest interests of the Commonwealth, and in agreement with the undoubted opinions of a majority of the citizens.

Therefore, you are invited to meet in mass Convention, in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Wednesday, the 16th day of February, at 10 o'clock A. M., to consider the moral, legal, and political duties of the hour.

R. P. MARVIN,
G. HAVEN,
S. W. HODGES,
W. M. THAYER,
J. D. FULTON,
C. M. HOWE,
Committee.

We understand that among the speakers invited are Hon. Mr. Platt, Speaker of the House of Representatives in Connecticut, Messrs. Haven, Fulton, Miner, Dunn, Eddy, Mayor Richmond, of New Bedford, Wendell Phillips, Judge Davis, of Portland, Judge Pitman, Hon. Whiting Griswold, Dr. Barrows, of New Hampshire, etc.

APPORTIONMENT OF MISSIONARY COLLECTIONS FOR READFIELD DISTRICT.

Augusta, \$125; Hallowell, 110; North Augusta, 30; Waterville, 60; Kendall's Mills, 50; Fairfield, etc., 60; Skowhegan, \$120; Solon, 50; Madison, etc., 25; New Portland, 50; Strong, 65; Freeman, 20; Phillips, 30; Industry, 50; Farmington Falls, etc., 30; Mercer, etc., 50; Farmington, 130; Wintthrop, 80; Wayne, 70; N. Wayne, 20; Kent's Hill, 100; Wilton, 65; Weld, 20; Livermore Falls, 65; Fayette, 55; N. Readfield, etc., 25.

It is hoped that no charge will fall to raise the apportionment; but that the whole amount may be realized, let each do the best it can. If any overreach, so much the better.

Geo. WEBBER.

FAIR AND LEVEE.—The ladies of the First M. E. Church, at Dorchester (Lower Mills), will hold a Fair at American Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 16, commencing at 8 P. M. Object, to raise money to refurnish the Parsonage. Cars leave the Old Colony Depot at 3 and 4.10, and 6.15 P. M. Horse-cars leave foot of Summer Street every hour. A good assortment of useful and fancy articles for sale at reasonable prices. Refreshments furnished at the hall. Tickets of admission, 25 cents; to be had at the door.

Dorchester, Jan. 27, 1870.

HOLINESS CONFERENCE.—There will be a Holiness Conference, commencing at Lewiston, Me., Monday evening, Feb. 7, continuing till the opening of the Gardner Ministerial Association, Feb. 8. All are invited. The exercises will be sermons and social meetings, with special reference to the experience of Holiness.

REVEREND MARTIN,
Pastor of Park Street M. E. Church.

Business Notices.

Communion Services.

We are making a Specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware of the finest quality and of chaste and appropriate designs. Catalogues showing the different styles will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,

220 John St., New York,
Manufacturers of Fine Silver Plated Ware.
171 Jan. 6, 17

MUSIC.—We to-day availed ourselves of an invitation to visit the Musical Studio of Mrs. Paige, to examine her new method of teaching music. We witnessed the performance of several pupils, who have been but a short time under Mrs. Paige's instruction, and their familiarity with all the scales and chords seemed to us remarkable. It seems they are taught almost everything they meet in music without the aid of notes, at the same time learning to read music by a very beautiful system. Thus, when the pupil takes a piece of music, he soon discovers that it contains the very exercises with which he is already conversant, and immediately proceeds to analyze all it contains. It is indeed wonderful to see even small children analyze a piece of music, and correctly answer their teacher concerning all the movements. The pupils seem delighted with the practice, and do not have to be driven to the piano, as the writer remembers to have been when pursuing his studies under the old method.

301 Nov. 25, 17

Christianity & Skepticism.

A COURSE OF TEN LECTURES.

Embracing topics of great interest to all thoughtful minds, whatever the complexion of their religious or philosophical convictions will be delivered, at the present season, in the OLD SOUTH CHAPEL, Freeman Place, on MONDAY AFTERNOONS.

The Lecturers have also kindly consented to give the same discourses (or others of similar character) in the SHAWMUT CHURCH (Rev. Dr. Webb), on the Sunday evenings preceding.

The first Lecture will be delivered by the Rev. President HARRIS of Bowdoin College, in SHAWMUT CHURCH, on Sunday evening, January 25; also, in the OLD SOUTH CHAPEL, Monday afternoon, January 31. SUBJECT: "The Christian Doctrine of Progress, in contrast with the Naturalistic."

The following is a list of the Lecturers:—
Rev. J. L. Diman, Prof. of History in Brown Univ.
Rev. George F. Fisher, D. D., Prof. of Ecclesiastical History, New Haven.

Rev. Samuel Harris, D. D., Pres. Bowdoin College.
Rev. J. R. Herrick, D. D., Prof. Didactic Theology, Bangor.
Rev. Charles M. Mead, Prof. of Hebrew, Andover.
Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., Prof. of Christian Morals, Harvard Univ.
Rev. Noah Porter, D. D., Prof. of Moral Philosophy, and Metaphysics, Yale College.
Rev. Julius H. Seelye, D. D., Prof. of Moral Philosophy, Amherst College.
Rev. Egbert C. Smyth, D. D., Prof. of Ecclesiastical History, Andover.
Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., Pres. Yale College.
Further particulars respecting time, place, and subjects, will be seasonably given.

Jan. 12, 17 25

Garrett Biblical Institute.

The Spring Term of this Institution commences March 1st, and continues eight months. For Catalogue and information apply to

F. D. HEMENWAY, Sec. of Faculty.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.

ALL soldiers who were in any manner wounded, or contracted permanent disease in the late war, are entitled to pensions. All such soldiers should at once write to JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Government Claim Agent, at Middlebourne, Hurstway Co., Ohio. He can have their claims allowed and paid from date of discharge. If application be made soon. He gives special attention to old and difficult cases, especially mother's pensions, and has succeeded in them admirably.

101 Feb. 2, 17

MESSRS. S. D. & H. W. SMITH,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Conservatory Organ,

And of the Celebrated

AMERICAN ORGAN,

desire to call the special attention of the musical public to these magnificent instruments.
Having the longest experience of any House in New England, owning a large and

Perfectly Appointed Manufactory,

with the aid of the

BEST MUSICAL TALENT,

and supported by a large corps of the

Best Workmen in the Country,

possessing ample Capital, and a Stock of the

BEST MATERIALS OBTAINABLE,

they flatter themselves that they are able to produce the

VERY BEST REED INSTRUMENTS.

The circumstances enumerated above will be enough to show that they do not claim what their work will not substantiate.

Every portion of the labor is done under their immediate supervision; and such is the unerring perfection of their system, that they have no imperfect and

NO SECOND-CLASS INSTRUMENTS.

They manufacture several styles of the

Conservatory Organ,

A splendid and intrinsically valuable instrument. The reeds are made and voiced in the most perfect manner. The bellows and action are all that could be desired, and the purchaser is sure of the best Organ of its class, equal in all respects to the work of any other house, whether he obtains the smallest size, or the larger and more complete instrument with additional reeds, couplers, and ampler mechanical powers.

The American Organ,

however, is the peculiar and exclusive achievement of this House; differing from all other instruments in construction, and surpassing all in

VOLUME,

SONORITY,

VARIETY,

SWEETNESS, and

EXPRESSION.

NOTE.

The Messrs. Smith offer to send by express any of their instruments; for full descriptions of which they refer to their Illustrated Circulars, to be had, post-paid, on application, warranting full satisfaction in every case.

Cash Prices of Conservatory Organs,
\$100, \$125, \$150, \$175.

Cash Prices of American Organs.

\$155, \$200, \$225, \$250, \$275,
\$285, \$300, \$325, \$375, \$625, \$700, \$925, \$1,000.

Send for a Circular, and, in ordering, be careful to mention the number of the style wanted.

Let it be remembered that all these various styles, though differing in power and in elegance of exterior, have the same thorough workmanship, the same characteristic sweetness and evenness of tone, and the same facility for expression. Each instrument is perfect to the extent of its capacity.

Full examination of the qualities claimed is earnestly solicited. The manufacturers also would be pleased to exhibit the testimonials they have received (unought) from the

PRINCIPAL MUSICAL AUTHORITIES,

establishing the character of their instruments beyond all question or cavil.

WAREHOUSES:

Tremont St., opp. Waltham St.,
BOSTON.

Feb. 2, 17 20

What Every Horseman Wants.

A GOOD, CHEAP, AND RELIABLE LINIMENT.

Such an article is "TOLSON'S" Venetian Liniment. Put bottles at One Dollar. For Lameness, Cuts, Galls, Colic, Sprains, etc., warranted better than any other. It is used by all the great horsemen on Long Island courses. It will not cure Ring Bone nor Spavin, as there is no liniment in existence that will. What it is stated to cure it positively does.

No owner of horses will be without it after trying one bottle. One dose revives and often saves the life of an over-heated or driven horse. For Colic and Bells, it has never failed. Just as sure as the sun rises, just so sure is this valuable Liniment to be the Horse Embrocation of the day.

Use it one and all. Sold by the Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot 10 Park Place, New York.

Feb. 2, 17 15

\$2,000, \$4,000, \$6,000,

AT TWELVE PER CENT. FOR FIVE YEARS.

I have calls for money, in the above and other quantities at 12 per cent. for five years, on good first mortgage, interest payable annually, or semi-annually, in bank here. For particulars and references, write to me. The rate is better than bonds, and security equally good.

101 Feb. 2, 17

T. A. GOODWIN, Broker,
Indianapolis, Ind.

THE

Youth's Companion,

A WEEKLY PAPER.

FOR THE

Young People and the Family.

It is an eight page paper, practical in its character, and attractive alike to old and young. A very large amount and variety of reading is given. The following is an outline of the character of its contents. It gives

Editorial upon Current Topics,
Observations in Natural History,
Sketches of Home and Social Life,
Stories of School Life,
Letters of Travel,
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